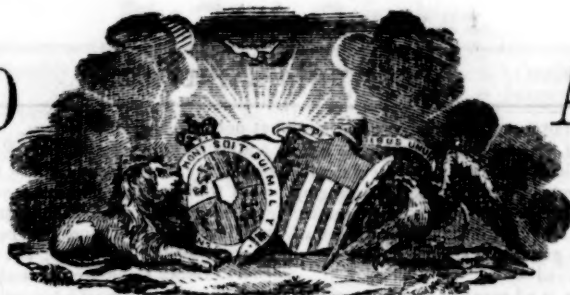


A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.

E. L. GARVIN &amp; Co.,

PUBLISHERS.



THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

OFFICE { 4 Barclay-St.  
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1845.

VOL. 5. No. 12.

## STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

BY D. SIMMONS.

Take back into thy bosom, Earth,  
This joyous, May-eyed morn,  
The gentlest child that ever Mirth  
Gave to be rear'd by Sorrow.  
'Tis hard—while rays half green, half gold,  
Through vernal bowers are burning,  
And streams their diamond mirrors hold  
To Summer's face returning—  
To say, We're thankful that His sleep  
Shall never more be lighter,  
In whose sweet-tongued companionship  
Stream, bower, and beam grew brighter!

But all the more intensely true  
His soul gave out each feature  
Of elemental Love—each hue  
And grace of golden Nature,  
The deeper still beneath it all  
Lurk'd the keen jags of Anguish;  
The more the laurels clasp'd his brow,  
Their poison made it languish.  
Seem'd it that like the Nightingale  
Of his own mournful singing,  
The tenderer would his song prevail  
While most the thorn was stinging.

So never to the Desert-worn  
Did fount bring freshness deeper,  
Than that his placid rest this morn  
Has brought the shrouded sleeper.  
That rest may lap his weary head  
Where channels choke the city,  
Or where, mid woodlands, by his bed  
The wren shall wake its ditty:  
But near or far, while evening's star  
Is dear to hearts regretting,  
Around that spot admiring Thought  
Shall hover unforgetting.

Dead Worshipper of Dian's face,  
In solitary places  
Shalt thou no more steal, as of yore,  
To meet her white embraces!  
Is there no purple in the rose  
Henceforward to thy senses?  
For thee has dawn, and daylight's close  
Lost their sweet influences!  
No!—by the mental night untamed  
Thou took'st to Death's dark portal,  
The joy of the wide universe  
Is now to the immortal!

How fierce contrasts the city's roar  
With thy new conquer'd Quiet!  
This stunning hell of wheels that pour  
With princes to their riot,—  
Loud clash the crowds—the very clouds  
With thunder-noise are shaken.  
While pale, and mute, and cold, afar  
Thou liest, men-forsaken.  
Hot life reeks on, nor recks that One  
—The playful, human-hearted—  
Who lent its clay less earthiness  
Is just from earth departed.

## THE FORGET ME NOT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Silent o'er the fountain gleaming,  
In the silvery moonlight hour,  
Bright and beauteous in its seeming,  
Waves a friendly fragile flower.  
Never let it be mistaken;  
Blue—as heaven's own blessed eye,  
By no envious clouds o'ertaken  
When it laughs through all the sky.  
Flower of heaven's divinest hue!  
Symbol of affection true!  
Whisper to the poor heart-broken  
Consolation—heaven-spoken!  
Loved one!—like the star of morning  
Are thine eyes—so mild and fair—  
Innocence with light adorning  
Their pure radiance everywhere!  
Maiden mine! attend my lay:  
Be this flow'ret ne'er forgot—

Whispering through the far-away,  
'Oh, forget—forget me not.'

Duty stern may bid us sever,  
Tears bedew our parted lot;  
Yet these flowers shall murmur ever,  
'Ah, forget—forget me not!'

List, beloved! what it sayeth;  
List each blossom's whispered sound!  
As its lowly head it layeth  
On the dew-besprinkled ground.  
Bethink! each dewdrop is a tear,  
That brims its dark blue eyes;  
Remember—when you wander near—  
'Forget me not' it sighs!

[The exquisite German legend of the origin of this humble flower's touching name, is known to many—perhaps not to all. A lover and his mistress were walking on the steep banks of a rapid river: the lady was struck by the beauty of a little flower, new to her, and growing on the sharpest declivity of the almost perpendicular bank. The veronica, according to some, the mouse ear, as others say, was the plant, to obtain which for his beloved, the young man immediately sprang down the cliff to secure the treasure. At the moment when the prize was won, the earth gave way under the lover's tread, who, in the act of falling, threw the flower towards his mistress, uttering the words, 'Forget me not,' and was precipitated into the foaming current, which bore him many miles from the spot of the catastrophe. The body being found, was followed and borne to the grave by his affianced bride and her companions, arrayed in white, and scattering flowers of the 'forget-me-not' along their mournful path. This flower is a favourite subject among German poets.]

## A RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF LONDON.

Comprising Incidents, official and personal, from 1819 to 1825: amongst the former, Negotiations on the Oregon Territory, and other unsettled questions between the United States and Great Britain. By Richard Rush. Second Series. 2 vols. Bentley.

It was in 1833 that the first part of this work was published. Mr. Rush then expressed a doubt whether it would be continued; and, contrary to all literary experience, though the work was well received by the public, the doubt seemed likely to turn out something more than mere words. Here, however, is the continuation—but published under special circumstances; published because the political horizon is just now overcast,—because international questions of assumed importance to America and England must, ere long, come under discussion,—because each nation is excited, and therefore little likely to do justice to the other—and in the hope that the account here given of former negotiations, and of the good feeling with which they were conducted, may contribute to allay these angry passions. These are generous and noble motives, that do honour to the man.

Of no one with whom he was officially associated, does Mr. Rush speak with higher respect than of Lord Castlereagh. He refers over and over again to his intercourse with his Lordship, and to the honour, candour, and liberality with which the negotiations were carried on. Thus, on the 23rd March, 1819, he records—

"The vote of the House of Representatives, refusing to pass censure on General Jackson, has produced a slight depression in the English funds. The newspapers break out into violent language. Some of them in attempting to account for the injustice and ferocity with which, as they say, it brands our character, insist that it must arise from the existence of negro slavery among us. The *Morning Chronicle*, a journal of deservedly high character with the Whigs, seems of this opinion. Strange opinion! when the southern planters in the states where slavery exists as planted by the laws of England, yield to no part of our population in solid virtues, and in all the elements which go to make up that high character—the gentleman. That Washington was the growth of our southern soil, ought, of itself, to save it from such inconsiderate denunciations. March 25. News arrives of the cession of the Floridas by Spain to the United States. The English papers raise a clamor, charging ambition and rapacity upon the United States. They say nothing of the acquisitions which England has been making in all parts of the globe, by her arms or policy, since the days of Elizabeth and Cromwell. Even if we were to show some tincture of this quality, still, as her own children, disposed to act in her own spirit, her journalists might make allowances; but, in fact, we acquire Florida by fair treaty; we give Spain the *quid pro quo* to the uttermost farthing; and the last thing that I anticipate is complaint from a mind like Lord Castlereagh. I will go farther. In the preceding volume of this work I have borne testimony to what I believe to have been the liberal views of this Foreign Secretary of England in regard to the relations between our two countries; and I now desire to do it again, on authentic grounds. The convention of last October produced complaint among portions of the people, both of England and the United States; as is apt to be the case after all treaties between ambitious nations approaching, in any points, to rivalry. There were parts of the convention not relished on our side; and those who were interested in the British North American fisheries, clamored exceedingly at the article about the fisheries, alleging that England had surrendered everything to the United States. They even asked pecuniary indemnification from the English Government for what it had given up. Lord Castlereagh, in alluding to these clamours, said to me, that his Government was unmoved by them; and that he thought it of less moment which of the parties gained a little more or lost a little more by the compact, than that so difficult a point should be adjusted, and the harmony of the two countries,



so far, be made secure; adding his belief, on full examination, that each party had gained every substantial advantage needed. This was true wisdom. I did not fail to communicate his sentiments to my Government. Out door clamor is little aware of the difficulties which Governments often experience in arranging clashing interests between great nations; and too little inclined to ask, whether it is not better, sometimes, for each to abate a little, than determine to face all the consequences of standing out too stiffly on ground taken at first."

On another occasion Lord Castlereagh observed—

"Let us strive so to regulate our intercourse in all respects, as that each nation may be able to do its utmost towards making the other rich and happy."

Would that all negotiations were left to such men, or men agreeing in such principles. There was a like clamor about the more and the less in the Ashburton treaty. The answer by the negotiators might have been the same:—it is of less moment which of the parties gained a little more or lost a little more, so that the harmony of the countries was made secure.

We may as well follow up this passage with a speculation on English dinner parties, suggested by one at Foot's Cray, Lord Castlereagh's country seat:—

"It was now ten o'clock. Our carriages were all in waiting, the night was fine, the road good, and we got back to town at midnight from this agreeable dinner party; a delightful form of society of which the English are chiefly fond, and all the unwritten arcana of which they understand; a form of society where restraint and ease go hand in hand, to unite the pleasures of conversation in its lighter spheres with the rational enjoyments of the table, heightening and refining both; and where, as the condition of the conversation being general, there must be a disciplined forbearance, under the golden requisition of which none talk too much. This indeed, points to a high state of manners; and what training to produce it! How often have the young and unpractised held back, where all are listening while only one speaks, lest they should fail in the apt thought and proper expression of it! These are sensibilities, this the kind of culture, out of which such society grows, until at last, as the effect of both, it becomes an unconstrained and natural scene, where there is no jarring, blended with one of intellectual accomplishments and grace; a scene not for conflict of minds, not for bending the bow of Ulysses, but for easy colloquy and reciprocal pleasure; where the strife is that of concession, if there be any strife; where some minds, to be sure, will be superior to others; some able to sparkle and others not; but none struggling for mastery, or breathing a contentious spirit; where wit itself must be as the lightning of a summer's evening, diffusing gleams which never burn. To reconcile with all these restraints mental enjoyments in a sphere peculiarly its own and eminently delightful, is the end aimed at, and are the general characteristics of dinner parties in England in their enlightened and polished circles."

An anecdote told at this dinner is too good to be passed over:—

"It was mentioned, that two of the servants of the Persian Ambassador having offended him lately in London, he applied to the British Government for permission to cut off their heads. On learning that it could not be granted, he gravely remonstrated! In the sequel, he was ill able to comprehend how the laws of England could deny his request. Finding, however, that his hands were tied up, he told his servants, 'it was all one; they must consider their heads as being off, for off they would come when he got them back to Persia!'"

Other anecdotes were picked up at these dinners which are occasionally worth recording. The following is proof how secrets are kept—even where secrecy is officially promised, as it always has been with respect to the property tax:—

"I sat between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Lynedoch. Speaking of the property-tax, the former mentioned that the four largest incomes in the kingdom, as returned under it while in operation, were those of the Duke of Northumberland, Earl Grosvenor, the Marquis of Stafford, and the Earl of Bridgewater; these, he said, were the richest Peers in England, and there were no Commoners whose incomes were returned as large. They each went beyond one hundred thousand pounds, clear of everything. Many incomes among the Peers, and several among Commoners of large landed estates, approached these in amount; but none came up to them, according to the official returns."

On one occasion, when dining with the Duke of Wellington—

The Duke "remarked that the British army was the most expensive in Europe, and the Dutch next. General Moreau was spoken of, who fell at Dresden. I said that when he was in the United States, I had once passed an evening in his company; and that he spoke of his sensations of delight on gaining his first victory, saying that he then 'felt on a level with his profession.' The Duke remarked, that were he to speak of his feelings when it had been his fortune to gain a battle, he would say that they had generally been painful; for there was grief for those who had fallen; and next, it imposed instantly the necessity of doing more, as no commander could remain quiet after victory; a larger view open to him, often causing anxiety from the difficulties to be overcome for insuring further advantages. I said that it was a remark of Moreau's, made on the same occasion, that the fault with most commanders, however brave, was backwardness in taking the last step to bring on a battle especially when armies were large, arising from deep moral anxiety; and, after all, the uncertainties of the issue. The Duke said it was a just remark. The Archduke Charles of Austria being spoken of, the Duke repeated in effect what I had heard him say to my distinguished countryman, General Harper of Maryland—namely, that he probably had more military science than any of the generals of Europe contemporary with him. The conversation proceeding, the Duke remarked, in this connexion, that a general might stand too much upon the rules of science while an engagement was going on; there could not be too much attention to them in all his arrangements beforehand, he said; but the battle once begun 'the main thing to think of was hard fighting.'"

At a dinner at the Marquis of Lansdowne's the conversation turned on the House of Commons:—

"Alluding to the style of speaking in the House of Commons, Sir J. Mackintosh characterized it by saying, that 'the true light in which to consider it, was as animated conversation on public business;' and he added, that it was 'rare for any speech to succeed in that body which was raised on any other basis.'"

This was subsequently confirmed by Mr. Canning:—

"I mention to him Sir James Mackintosh's remark; he accedes to it; says it is true as a general rule, that their speaking must take conversation as its basis, rather than anything studied, or stately. The House was a business doing body, and the speaking must conform to its character: it was jealous of ornament in debate, which, if it came at all, must come as without consciousness. There must be method also; but this should be felt in the effect, rather than seen in the manner; no formal divisions, set exordiums or perorations, as the old rhetoricians taught, would do. First, and last, and everywhere, you must aim at reasoning; and if you could be eloquent, you might at any time,

but not at an appointed time. To this effect he expressed himself, though I do injustice to his language. Foremost as a speaker in the House of Commons for his day, perhaps in its most brilliant sphere of oratory, I listened with interest whilst such a master casually alluded to its rules. I spoke of the House of Lords; remarking, that in that body, indeed, I had anticipated a style of speaking somewhat more like conversation, not only from its fewer numbers, but component materials; but that, to my observation, as yet its oratory seemed rather elaborate and ambitious, with much that would seem to indicate painstaking, in a degree beyond that which I had witnessed in the House of Commons. He acquiesced; but added, that some of its chief speakers had been formed in the House of Commons. I replied, that perhaps that might account for what had also struck me so far, in listening to the debates of each House—namely, that the average speaking among the Peers was best. He agreed to it, as a present fact; remarking, that another reason perhaps was, that the House of Peers, for its numbers, was better stocked with men thoroughly educated."

There is a brief passage from the account of a visit to Holkham during the celebrated "sheep shearing," as it was called:—

"Of the social scene which goes hand in hand with it all, I hardly dare trust myself to speak, lest I should seem to exaggerate. The number of Mr. Coke's guests, meaning those lodged at his mansion, was, I believe, about fifty, comprehending those I have named and others, as I could scarcely know all in a visit of a week. But his friends and neighbours of the county of Norfolk, and other country gentlemen and visitors from parts of England farther off, arriving every morning after breakfast in carriages or on horseback during the continuance of the scene under invitations from Mr. Coke to be present at it and stay to dinner, amounted to about six hundred each day. On the second day I was informed that, including the home guests, covers were laid down for six hundred and fifty. All were comfortably accommodated, and fared sumptuously. Holkham House covers an acre of ground. Looking at it on one of the mornings with the Duke of Bedford and others, and viewing its imposing centre, from which proceed four wings connected by corridors, the general conjecture seemed to be that such an edifice could scarcely be built at the present day for less than half a million of pounds sterling. It was built, I understood, in the middle or early part of last century, by Lord Leicester, who was many years in Italy, where he studied the models upon which, after his return to England, it was erected. Of the furniture in such a mansion, the paintings, tapestry, mirrors, rural ornaments, and all else, it need but be said that it is adapted to the mansion. The library, of many thousand volumes, is a treasure. \* \* Of the manner in which Mr. Coke dispensed the hospitalities of the week, it would be impossible to say too much. All received from him the greatest attention and kindness. His landed property in Norfolk comprehends, I understood, more than thirty thousand acres, and he has estates in other parts of England. His income from the whole is rated, I believe, at £60,000 sterling a year, going higher when agricultural prices are high. On one of the days we were shown through all the offices of the basement story of the house, and taken into the cellars. The latter were filled with the abundant and various stores and wines to have been expected at a country home-head in England, long the seat of that species of hospitality where it would be hard to decide whether the eye is most struck with what is magnificent, or the heart with what is kind. I had reason to know that, at Christmas and other seasons devoted to country festivities in England, although Holkham House was not indeed filled as I lately saw it, its hospitalities were bravely kept up. Mr. Blakie, the steward of Mr. Coke, informed us that the annual cost of malt liquors used for the entire Holkham establishment, including the working people out of doors, as well as servants of the household, was £3000."

We shall conclude with a dinner at Gloucester Lodge, then the residence of Mr. Canning:—

"It would not have been easy to assemble a company better fitted to make a dinner party agreeable, or to have brought them together at a better moment. Parliament having just risen, Mr. Canning, and his two colleagues of the cabinet, Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Robinson, seemed like birds let out of a cage. There was much small talk, some of it very sprightly. Ten o'clock arriving, with little disposition to rise from table, Mr. Canning proposed that we should play 'Twenty Questions.' This was new to me and the other members of the diplomatic corps present, though we had all been a good while in England. The game consisted in endeavours to find out your thoughts by asking twenty questions. The questions were to be put plainly, though in the alternative if desired; the answers to be also plain and direct. The object of your thoughts not to be an abstract idea, or anything so occult, or scientific, or technical, as not to be supposed to enter into the knowledge of the company; but something well known to the present day, or to general history. It might be any name of renown, ancient or modern, man or woman; or any work or memorial of art well known, but not a mere event, as a battle, for instance. These were mentioned as among the general rules of the game, serving to denote its character. It was agreed that Mr. Canning, assisted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who sat next to him, should put the questions; and that I, assisted by Lord Granville, who sat next to me, should give the answers. Lord Granville and myself were, consequently, to have the thought or secret in common; and it was well understood, that the discovery of it, if made, was to be the fair result of mental inference from the questions and answers, not of signs passing, or hocus pocus of any description. With these as the preliminaries, and the parties sitting face to face, on opposite sides of the table, we began the battle."

"First question (by Mr. Canning).—Does what you have thought of belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom? Answer—to the vegetable."

"Second question.—Is it manufactured, or unmanufactured? Manufactured."

"Third.—Is it a solid or a liquid? A solid. [How could it be a liquid, said one of the company, slyly, unless vegetable soup!]"

"Fourth.—Is it a thing entire in itself, or in parts? Entire."

"Fifth.—Is it for private use or public? Public."

"Sixth.—Does it exist in England, or out of it? In England."

"Seventh.—Is it single, or are there others of the same kind? Single."

"Eighth.—Is it historical, or only existent at present? Both."

"Ninth.—For ornament or use? Both."

"Tenth.—Has it any connexion with the person of the King? No."

"Eleventh.—Is it carried, or does it support itself? The former."

"Twelfth.—Does it pass by succession? [Neither Lord Granville nor myself being quite certain on this point, the question was not answered; but, as it was thought that the very hesitation to answer might serve to shed light upon the secret, it was agreed that the question should be counted as one, in the progress of the game.]

"Thirteenth.—Was it used at the coronation? Yes."



"Fourteenth.—In the Hall or Abbey? Probably in both: certainly in the Hall.

"Fifteenth.—Does it belong specially to the ceremony of the coronation, or is it used at other times? It is used at other times.

"Sixteenth.—Is it exclusively of a vegetable nature, or is it not, in some parts, a compound of a vegetable and a mineral? Exclusively of a vegetable nature.

"Seventeenth.—What is its shape? [This question was objected to as too particular; and the company inclining to think so, it was withdrawn; but Mr. Canning saying it would be hard upon him to count it, as it was withdrawn, the decision was in his favour on that point, and it was not counted.]

"Eighteenth.—Is it decorated or simple? [We made a stand against this question also as too particular; but the company not inclining to sustain us this time, I had to answer it, and said that it was simple.]

"Nineteenth.—Is it used in the ordinary ceremonial of the House of Commons, or House of Lords? No.

"Twentieth.—Is it ever used by either House? No.

"Twenty-first.—Is it generally stationary or movable? Movable. The whole number of questions being now exhausted, there was a dead pause. The interest had gone on increasing as the game advanced, until, coming to the last question, it grew to be like neck and neck at the close of a race. Mr. Canning was evidently under concern lest he should be foiled, as by the law of the game he would have been, if he had not now solved the enigma. He sat silent for a minute or two; then, rolling his rich eye about, and with his countenance a little anxious, and in an accent by no means over-confident, he exclaimed, 'I think it must be the wand of the Lord High-Steward!' And it was—EVEN so. This wand is a long, plain, white staff, not much thicker than your middle finger, and, as such, justifies all the answers given. In answering the ninth question, Lord Granville and I, who conferred together in a whisper, as to all answers not at once obvious, remembered that some quaint old English writers say that the Lord High-Steward carried his staff to beat off intruders from his Majesty's treasury! When at the twelfth, Mr. Canning illustrated the nature of his question by referring to the rod of the Lord Chamberlain, which he said did not pass by succession, each new incumbent procuring, as he supposed a new one for himself, I said that it was not the Lord Chamberlain's rod; but the very mention of this was 'burning,' as children say when they play hide and seek; and in answering that it was not, I had to take care of my emphasis. The questions were not put in the rapid manner in which they will be read; but sometimes after considerable intervals, not of silence—for they were enlivened by occasional remarks thrown in by the company, all of whom grew intent upon the pastime as it advanced, though Mr. Canning alone put the questions, and I alone gave out the answers. It lasted upwards of an hour, the wine ceasing to go round. On Mr. Canning's success, for it was touch and go with him, there was a burst of approbation, we of the diplomatic corps saying, that we must be very careful not to let him ask us too many questions at the Foreign Office, lest he should find out every secret that we had!"

## THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.

### CHAPTER XL.—UNAVAILING REGRETS.

Tidings of gloom are generally tidings of swiftness. They are not, to be sure, very accurately or faithfully transmitted; but the rapidity of their conveyance exceeds all ordinary calculation. Although Ryan's interview with the high-sheriff of the county of Waterford did not take place until ten o'clock on the night of Monday, the gentlemen compromised by his information and lodged in the gaol of Clonmel, when they met on Tuesday morning had to interchange painful forebodings and conjectures, and to discuss menacing rumours in which they had taken rise. The country all around was alive with reports of the same character, and wherever one went he was sure to hear the name of Ryan coupled with expressions scornful or sinister, with stories of the faithful in humble station, whose lives he had already sworn away, and of the honoured in birth and rank, who were next to wither beneath the influence of his perjured and pestilential breath.

And there were various devices thought of to avert the dreaded evil. Ryan was judged and condemned by the secret confederacy, and his sentence made known extensively among those by whom it was to be executed; lampoons and doggerel ballads defaming him were to be heard wherever the multitude resorted; witnesses by whom his testimony was to be contradicted in the court were sought out, and given in charge to careful instructors; threatening notices were frequently served on the condemned informer, to make him feel, as it were, by anticipation, the punishment soon to be visited on his offence; although, to say the truth, the only menace by which he was really troubled was an intimation that his brother Archibald purposed to pay him a visit.—Ryan, stern and desperate as he had become, was still capable of suffering in his affections.

The ordinary annoyances by which he was persecuted had so little power over him that he often took a kind of morbid pleasure in making himself familiar with them. The walls of his bed-chamber were covered with the various scraps, sarcastic or menacing, which had reached him in manuscript or print. In the morning and at night he could be seen standing before one of these abusive tirades, poring upon it, as if with an earnest desire to decypher things of hidden value in its meaning. In the streets, too would he often stand, among the hearers of some itinerant songster, who was commending his name to infamy; and although in some instances the strains had an effect upon the audience which would have proved exceedingly uncomfortable to another man, it seemed to cause no disturbance to Ryan. He disregarded scowling looks, and muttered or even loudly pronounced invectives; and in the very few instances in which ruder annoyances were hazarded, Ryan put forth his uncommon strength and agility to such purpose, as soon secured him against further molestation of the same kind. It was known that disguised soldiers or constables had him in charge, and were always at hand, if necessary, for his rescue; the vigor of his strong arm did the rest, causing those who had felt, and even those who witnessed his prowess, to content themselves thenceforth with distant manifestations of disapproval.

One evening, as he sat at his open window in melancholy musing, a ragged vender of doggerel halted as he was passing along the street and looking up towards the window, and holding a bundle of papers in his hand, called out—

"A wonderful new song about the three informers, how their three fetches went down to h—ll to have their places ready, and ould Nick would not demean himself to let them in by no manner of manes, exceptin' under an obligation, that they were to be put down with stones on their necks under the sink, and never come near the rest of them that's in the place to pollute them;

and how the sink is to be made burnin' hot for the three informers; and the names of the same is Pearson, Miles, an' Shamus Ryan—an' the last is the worst of all."

Satisfied with having shot his bolt, the ballad-singer passed on, leaving Ryan as usual, apparently tranquil and unharmed. After some time, he left his solitude—if one can be said to do so who bears solitude with him into the most crowded places, and walked in the direction in which he had seen the ballad-singer proceeding. His design was simply to regale himself with the abusive epithets sure to be bestowed upon him in the song, and to indulge a morbid feeling and gloomy fancy, in the image which would be, he was aware, called up before him. The scene and the incidents were somewhat different from his anticipations.

At some little distance from him, where, in a few straggling houses, town and country met together, he saw the group with which, as usual, the songster was environed; but beyond them, descending a hill, at the foot of which the performer had taken his station, there was a youth of tall stature, covered with the dust of a summer day's journey. Ryan did not, for an instant, fail to recognize his brother, and groaned aloud as he thought of the salute with which he was to be welcomed into Waterford. To himself the slanderous ballad was as nothing; but in the presence of his brother, his old sensations revived into their first freshness, and he shuddered at the thought of odious imputations which he now felt keenly, because he felt them through his brother's anguish. This he had tenderness of feeling still left him to be capable of imagining, and it became his own.

Headlong as was the speed with which he strove to reach the group, he was at too great a distance to be able to anticipate his brother, and came up only in time to succour and save him. The moment the young man distinguished his brother's name in the doggerel ballad, he tore his vile wares from the songster and trod them under his foot. This was an invasion of vested rights which the lieges could not endure with the forbearance of those who patiently suffer wrong, and young Ryan would have soon found that neither the fire of his young heart, nor the vigor which had survived the exhaustion of his day's toil, could withstand the assaults of the rabble whose enjoyment he had interrupted. He had already sustained as well as given sundry cuffs and cuts and was bleeding, and bruised, and sinking, when his hardier brother sprung into the conflict. Then, indeed, James Ryan was not less than terrific, and when rushing to his brother's side, and seizing a heavy cudgel which was descending upon his head, he laid the assailant prostrate, and made himself master of the weapon his strokes fell on the right and on the left with an accuracy and a force which caused all within the sweep of his arm to lie low, and spread consternation among those who were remote enough to escape from him. When the guards who kept him in view came up, the crowd, with the exception of some who could not immediately arise, were dispersed, and the brothers were clasped in an affectionate embrace. Archibald was weary and bleeding, and felt the aid of his brother's arm acceptable, as he walked with him to his lodging.

The first care of the elder Ryan, as soon as he had ascertained that the wounds of his brother were of slight consequence, was to provide the refreshment which a day of toil rendered necessary. But no entreaties could overcome the youth's repugnance to be a partaker of it. Neither his own weakness, nor his brother's importunities, could influence him to taste or touch what he regarded as bought by the price of blood; and although he had the natural good taste to conceal the reason for his abstinence, and the respect for truth to offer no pretence in the place of a reason, he persisted steadfastly in his resistance.

At length his brother seemed suddenly to become conscious of the explanation, which accounted for this obstinate perseverance.

"How could I be so blind," cried he, "it was only because I feel soft hearted so seldom, Archy, that I forgot for a while the plague and curse that's upon me. You would not eat of your brother's bread, because he's an informer. Is not that the truth?"

"Don't ask me anything about it, don't for God's sake. It's He that knows my heart, an' knows I'd shed the last drop of it's blood to do a good turn to you. But you would not like to see me fall down dead before you on the sure, an' it's my belief with the weakness and the sorrow that's in me, that if I was to put a bit of that mate into my mouth I'd be choked trying to swallow it."

"Archy," said his brother, "I was about to say something that we might both be sorry for, but I can refrain.—Have you any money about you? I understand you have not come unprovided;—your brother will add this mortification to the rest. There is a bed chamber here for which you can pay, and you shall yourself order and pay for a supper. I must see you eat, I must submit to your own hard conditions."

And thus the affair was arranged, we leave the brothers together, the younger recruiting himself with a roll of bread, and a basin of milk, the elder concealing as well as he could, his mortification at the sight of this very humble fare, and both insensibly warming into the freedom and friendliness which becometh the conversation of brothers. They felt that they must make the best use of the hours they could enjoy together, the younger lying under the necessity of returning home on the following day, and the elder saddened by a presentiment that they were never to meet again.

### CHAPTER XLI.—THE RESTITUTION AND THE BETROTHAL.

Captain Neville was daily gathering strength, and was permitted to receive such friendly visitors as had the power to interest and cheer him. Doctor Connor had had many conversations with the young patient, whose character opened upon him very pleasingly in the conferences they held together. Although Neville acted in all respects as became one about to die, he avowed from the first, and when he was in most weakness and danger, a conviction that he was about to recover. He had, he said, a persuasion that he was not to be taken away, after a life so wholly profitless to himself or others. It was his belief that a future of activity was open before him, and that powers were given him to be useful in it. Hitherto he had been in most instances the mere instrument of the will of others, guided by their counsel when not subjected to their authority. He had yielded in the easiness of what he called an accommodating, but what should in truth be termed a benevolent disposition; but he had at the same time felt that the day was to come when command would be required of him, and would be found by him when the day of authority came, not less easy than it had been in his earlier days to obey. Possessed with thoughts like these, he felt an assurance that he was to recover, and the convalescence he anticipated seemed, one might almost say, to wait upon his will.

Yet, carefully prepared as he was, there were some agitating moments when his reserved friend disclosed, with due caution, the circumstance it concerned him most to know. The process of development was gradual and slow. First he was taught to know that he was in Garretstown, the house of his fathers; it was then disclosed to him that he was its undisputed master, Garret Neville



having renounced, by formal act and deed, all claim on the inheritance. These tidings he received with very laudable equanimity; they neither shook his nerves nor retarded his recovery. One disclosure was somewhat critical—

He was yet in ignorance that Madeleine and her father dwelt in the house, and was under an impression that a housekeeper, in the absence of its master, was in charge of it. When the visitor he least expected and little wished to see, was announced, Neville had been for some time able to leave his bed, and occupied a dressing apartment, into which Garret Neville was introduced.

If the young soldier cherished any resentful feelings, the appearance of his uncle would have disarmed him. The bitterness of sharp sorrow and the pangs of sincere repentance, had anticipated the wasting progress of time, and in a few short days had done the work of years. He came an humble penitent. His brother's pardon he had already obtained, and in a subdued spirit he would now tell the story of his humiliation to his nephew. There was only one degree of guilt to which he had not descended—in act or thought he was not a murderer. When first he lured his brother from his home, it was his purpose only to make him a prisoner, and to be thus beforehand with the law, which claimed him as a criminal, and would attain and execute him as a traitor. The purpose of usurping the family estates was suggested by the knowledge that otherwise they would become confiscated. The wrongs done to young Neville and his mother, he made no attempt to extenuate, but acknowledged them in all their enormity.

"And now," said he, making a gesture that he would not be interrupted, "I have confessed all my guilt, and I am about to descend to the lowest of all humiliation. I have done you grievous wrong, and have made confession of it. I do not know whether you will grant the pardon I have solicited—nay, let me conclude—in this state of uncertainty I appear a suppliant before you. Be a protector to my child—my long-lost child, found only when I cannot for many days extend to her a father's care. I could address this prayer to you with far stronger recommendation than my own unworthiness, but I would owe your favour to your own good will and to the deserted state of my poor orphan, as she soon will be."

"I promise solemnly," said the young man, "to befriend your child, and to remember you as I feel your goodness to me now. The past shall be effaced for ever from my memory. Is my cousin in this neighbourhood? I would gladly make my first visit to her."

"She is in your house. I wished her to see the place where so many of her ancestors had left honoured names behind them—I wished her to be near at hand if my prayer needed seconding. She is here in Garretstown. Shall I conduct her to you?"

"No, uncle; I am strong to-day. You shall present me to my cousin. I will go with you."

"Then come with me: we shall look upon the likeness of Nevilles worthy of their name, and speak of their histories."

Together uncle and nephew descended to the dining hall, where the young Zoe had been left alone with the portraits of a long line of ancestors, and where in gazing on the fair and brave, and imagining stories for them, the child was sure to find happy occupation. Two ladies were in the chamber when the new visitors entered, and were so intent in their study of a picture representing a red cross knight and a beautiful female, both armed, but unhelmeted, that they were unaware of an intrusion on their privacy. Young Neville "trembled very exceedingly," and his cheek flushed, and then relapsed into a more bloodless pallor than before. The faces of both ladies were turned from him, but the form of one it was impossible he could mistake. He stood still, and his uncle, alarmed at the emotion and suffering he betrayed, was for a moment silent. The young man made a strong effort to move, but it was vain. He felt as in a dream, where consciousness is lively, but where will has no power over the bodily organs. Was he—the thought presented itself to him—was he in a dream?—was the visit of his uncle and this apparition of the form of his loved Madeleine, all the work of a diseased fancy. After suffering for a few seconds, which seemed to prolong themselves into hours, in speechless conflict with himself, he at length seemed to have effected a victory over the fallacies that disturbed his senses. Madeleine could not possibly be so near, else he would have had some intimation of her presence. He was mocked by images which showed themselves only to torment him, and in the bitterness of his conviction he was able to cry aloud, "Fool, fool," and to resign himself with a sore pang to the apprehension that the image he gazed upon with such a fullness of love, would melt away as sense and reason resumed their power.

The image did not melt away; on the contrary, when the first faint sound of his voice was uttered, there was a rapid movement in the fair form on which his eyes were bent, and in all the delicate grace of her beauty, with a countenance beaming tenderness, truth, and love, Madeleine—his own Madeleine, was before him.

"It is, it is—I am awake. I thank thee, O merciful God, I thank thee—Madeleine, my Madeleine."

He could speak no more—the joy was overpowering, and he would have sunk, but that a sense of shame to be subdued by unexpected happiness, came to his relief and revived his failing strength. For a moment Madeleine stood motionless with heaving bosom and changing colour; then, as if she had decided a conflict within her mind, she met her lover's embrace as he clasped her in his arms, and did not turn away her blushing face from his fond salute.

We shall not injure our story by dwelling further on a scene like this, and feel that we may safely leave to our reader's imagination the happy hour that followed, when Neville had recovered from the first shock of his felicity.

The incident, it may readily be understood, was not the result of any preconcerted arrangement. Madeleine, although she never showed herself in Neville's presence, took care that all things tending to his comfort should be ordered by her own direction. He was ever present in her thoughts, and many times in the day Mrs. Williams was consulted and counselled by her. No inducement could beguile her from the house where he lay; and if she occasionally visited her hermitage, it was no longer to meditate there long and freely, but to have a few minutes distraction, and to desert almost as soon as she entered it. It was in returning from the garden this day, that, as she passed the dining hall, she was attracted by the sad beauty of the graceful child, Zoe, and remained to bear her company, without any fear that Neville would leave his sick chamber and find her.

The circumstances affecting Neville's father were yet unknown to the young soldier. His uncle had been warned to abstain from any reference to his present condition, and he felt he could secure himself against an indiscreet revelation only by making the abstinence total. Thus it fared that the youth remained some hours longer in ignorance that he had a father.

It was late in the day when he acquired the knowledge, under circumstances of

the same gloomy description as those with which he had recently been so familiar.

O'Moore had left Garretstown at an early hour in the morning, and was expected at the usual periods of family re-union. His absence from the breakfast table was unexplained; he was looked for at the dinner hour, and the shades of evening were deepening into night, when, unannounced and suddenly, he entered a room where the elder and the younger Neville, Madeleine, and Zoe were conversing, and with feelings of anxiety, which his daughter's alarm communicated to the circle, respecting his unexplained absence. He came as a prisoner, and on his way to the public gaol. Two or three times in the course of the day he had baffled pursuit, but was seized by a party lying in wait for him, as he ventured, late in the evening, to approach his home. Then Neville learned the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, and in that sad hour Dillon O'Moore joined the hands of his daughter and her faithful and long tried lover and blest their union. There was sorrow deep and real in one of the hearts on whom the blessing was pronounced, nor could Neville be without his share of sadness: it was not at such a moment either could feel the joyfulness of requited affection. Such is life—human life, sorrow descending to encroach upon hours that would themselves be all in the light, and gladness imparting solace or energy to the heart that is presently to be weighed down by sorrow.

On the day following, Garretstown was deserted. Madeleine took up her abode with her friend, Mrs. Barnwell, whose husband had been arrested, and who was, for the sake of being near him, residing in Clonmel. Neville, too, was at hand, passing each day with his father in the prison, and adopting and carrying out with energy well devised measures for the deliverance of all the dignified captives.

Among other contemplated measures, the first entertained and abandoned was that of an application to the throne for mercy. This, it was considered, would be to prejudice the cause of the prisoners, and would be, from the nature of their cases, a measure wholly unnecessary. The only witness on whom it was known the government placed reliance was Miles; and such were the arrangements of the secret society, that all its superior members, as well as all its main principles and designs, were beyond the reach of his testimony. If Pearson had had deeper information his lips were sealed in death. Under such circumstances, the obvious policy of the prisoners was to hurry on their trial with all practicable celerity, and if possible not to allow of a postponement from the coming assizes.

But the complexion of affairs was sadly altered, when tidings of Ryan's treachery reached the prison. What the amount of his knowledge might be there was no mode of ascertaining; but there was strong reason to fear it. His sagacity and his inquiring disposition were but too fully acknowledged; his opportunities of acquiring information were proportioned to the frequent necessity of seeking his services, and to the confidence reposed in his fidelity; accordingly, the announcement of Ryan's defection awakened grave apprehension and alarm, and the parties against whom his testimony was to be borne, met together with solemn greeting, and communed with faces

"Somewhat more pale than wont."

## TWELVE MONTHS' SERVICE IN WESTERN

AFRICA—BY CAPTAIN L. SMYTH O'CONNOR, 1st WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

(Continued.)

Mahomad and Babukal were twins, or, as they expressed it, "had one father and one mother, and drank milk from the one breast." They appeared innate gentlemen, and entered a room with grace and elegance. They addressed you with the "Salaam Aleikum," then offering the right hand, said, "How do you do? Well?" and on being replied to, answered always, "Thank you, thank you," sitting down quietly, without removing their caps. They expressed neither curiosity or surprise at whatever they saw in my quarters; the African pass on would sometimes leak out, and a present be modestly hinted at—pens, paper, ink, a powder-horn, a fowling-piece; in fact, anything I might feel disposed to give them. A sword, the gift of a deceased friend, the blade of which was so finely tempered as to bend until the point and haft touched, excited intense admiration: and when they brought friends as visitors, I was obliged to exhibit this weapon, amidst joyful exclamations of "Wonderful! It has life! By the Prophet, it is a Samson of a sword!"

Among other curiosities, Babukal brought a manuscript copy of the Koran, written on separate sheets in black, blue, red, and yellow characters, and put up in a goat-skin case, the termination of each chapter illuminated, and the entire presenting a singular specimen of the arts in Central Africa, a connecting link between the natives of that little known and wide-spreading region and the Asiatic, proclaiming how rapidly the creed of Mahomet circulated its doctrines from the far East to the West—from the land of the Jews through the cities of the children of Ham.

Both Mahomad and Babukal read and expounded many portions of the Koran. "God," said the former, "lives in this book, and Moses, and Isaac, and Solomon, the son of David, a man who knew everything;" and turning to a particular part, explained how the Children of Israel escaped through the Red Sea by the aid of Moses; how Moses struck the water with his staff, opened a road and carried the people through; but when Pharaoh, the bad man, came, and got into the middle of the road, the sea swallowed him up, and all were lost.

Babukal said, "Adama was made by God taking some dirt, and spitting upon it, and blowing into his nose; and Adama jumped up and lived. And then God gave him Hoa for a wife, and they lived in an orchard; and God told them to eat of all but one stick, and Satana came and made a fool of Hoa, and she made Adama a fool, and they touched the tree; so God was vexed, and turned them out of the orchard, and sent them to work in the fields."

"Satana," continued this African, "goes all round the world, and fights with God; he tells man 'Never mind God, but come my way;' and if man follows it, when the earth eats him, God will plunge him by the heels into hell, and fire will devour him."

I have selected a few out of many passages of the Koran read by the Foulah brothers. They spoke of Jesus Christ with great veneration, placing him on the same scale as the Prophet; and their dislike to the Jews arose from their believing in neither the one nor the other.

Polygamy is practised by the Foulahs, the chiefs being limited to eight wives; four to do nothing, and four to labour. The women are bargained for like any bale of goods, and considered a part and parcel of their husband's chattels.

The Foulah women are finely formed, erect, tall, graceful, and good-humoured looking. Their hair is the pride of their hearts, and much of their time is occupied in dressing it; it is plaited in a crown, bands, and ringlets, with circlets of amber beads, bunches of coral, silver (and sometimes gold) ornaments;



and the meanest Foulah woman attaches the greatest importance to the appearance of her head; but in this lies and terminates all care of the person, all form of toilet. A loose robe or wrapper, hung loosely over the body, the breasts exposed, and the limbs free from superfluous clothing, with a square of linen on the head, and the costume of these primitive ladies is complete. They engage themselves in Freetown as venders of palm-wine. At break of day they may be seen with a gigantic calabash near them, containing the white foaming liquid, like boiled milk; this is ladled into small gourds for the travellers. They also sell sweetmeats, kolo nuts, casaba roots, and fish.

Besides being engaged as merchants and factors in the interior, the Foulahs follow the occupation of goldsmiths, blacksmiths, tailors, embroiderers in cloth and leather, sandal, purse, and bag makers, basket manufacturers, dealers in curiosities, bird and animal brokers, tobacco and pipe sellers. Their booths and workshops are rude and simple; four posts, as many feet high, with a palm covering, constitute their best warehouse; and the smithy is only sufficiently high to admit of the men working in a stooping position; an anvil on the ground, a bellows made of two goat-skins, attached to large calabashes, with a wood or bamboo tube, having an iron nose; a bar or two of metal or wire, and the stock of the primitive Vulcan is complete. Gold of the purest quality is made by the Africans into rings, armlets, and chains, the links of which are of the most minute and exquisite workmanship, particularly those from Cape Coast and Accarab, and fetch from fifteen to fifty pounds. Great caution is required in trading with the native goldsmiths, as they possess many arts to cheat the unwary purchaser; indeed, so well established is craft and knavery as a strong feature in the African character, and so fully are they themselves convinced of the propensities being innate in one another, that a general broker accompanies the agent who sells, in order to prevent his appropriating a portion of what money he may receive to his own private purpose. The following anecdote will afford some insight of the Foulah character, and as the circumstance occurred when I was attached as Secretary to the Governor, I can vouch for the authenticity of the statement.

In January, 1843, a report having been received at Sierra Leone that an English subject, named George Cooper, was in slavery at Teembo, the Governor, with the advice of the Council, made an application to the Imaun of the Foulahs for this man's release. Now it so happened that Cooper had three masters, one caring nothing for the Imaun's power, and who refused pertinaciously all overtures for the slave's freedom. However, during a revolution which took place in April, and a change of dynasty in the kingdom, this same obstinate chief went to Kakandy, to trade; but prior to starting, he imprecated curses on his relations, that they and their children might eat dirt if they released Cooper, or brought him to the Imaun. In defiance of the last agreeable wish, an uncle of the chief took the slave to Darah, near Teembo, and the ex-Imaun, Alimamee Boccaree, ransomed him for one hundred and twenty bars, or eight pounds, with a present to himself—nothing without a present—of six bars and thirty dollars, the present amounting to the full value of the ransom—and finally dispatched Cooper, under the charge of a faithful follower and chief of influence, called Boccaree Waree, with a letter to the Governor, of which the following is a translation from the Arabic:—

"Alimamee, late Imaun of Foulah, to His Excellency the Governor, greeting, asks if he is well, and if all his head men are well. Alimamee is no King to-day; they have taken the kingdom of Foulah from him, and Omar now reigns in his stead. If the Governor's missionary, Mr. Thomson, desires to go to Sego, and the Governor wishes it, Alimamee will send him half-way, under charge of his own people; if not, he will send him back to Sierra Leone. The Governor must not stop the messengers long; they must come back quickly. If Alimamee Boccaree hears of any Sierra Leone people being in slavery in Foulah, he will seek to get them free. Peace be with you."

The Governor and Council, to reward the late Imaun, and induce him to keep his promise of releasing slaves, sent by His Highness's messengers the following presents:—a blue cloth cloak, a pair of blue cloth trousers, a pair of boots, six yach shirts, six pairs of worsted stockings, two flannel shirts; the two last named articles were specially acceptable, as the King was old, and required warm covering in the wet season.

Cooper's narrative of his capture was simply this. He belonged to a school at Wellington, one of the settlements of the liberated Africans, and he came to Freetown to look for work. On returning home, he met a man named Gibson, who inquired if he could pull a canoe, and on his agreeing to do so, he took him to Barlow's Point, up the Ritomba River, where he saw a party of Foulah men. The next day, he accompanied Gibson to his town, in the small Scarcees River, and then on to Basson, where he met more Foulah people, to whom Gibson without ceremony sold Cooper. Three times did Cooper essay to escape but singular to relate, instead of inflicting punishment, they each time gave him a wife—a premium for running away. "They never flogged me, but used me kindly," said Cooper, "so that I was ashamed to run away, and resolved to sit down with my masters." But having met a countryman from Wellington, he persuaded him to apply to Mr. Thomson, the missionary at Darra. On his application to the Foulah King he was released, and sent back to Sierra Leone.

Cooper's is not a solitary instance of the Foulahs' singular mode of reconciling their captives to slavery; for a man named Dawson by this process at last numbered fifteen wives, an indulgence permitted to bondsmen, but forbidden to such an extent to the true believers.

The kingdom of Foutahjallo, or, as it is often designated, Foulah, bordering on the peninsula of Sierra Leone, is but little known, and the descriptions of it imperfect. With its laws, government, customs, and policy we are but indifferently acquainted, and it is only from the report of casual travellers, or from the natives themselves, we gather information on these subjects; and although Teembo, the capital, is not two hundred miles from Freetown, the difficulty of reaching it is so great, that few have the temerity or enterprise to undertake a journey fraught with danger, and with little inducement to recompense for the exertion and uncertainty required to reach it.

For upwards of fifty years has Foulah been deluged with kindred blood, the scene of desolation and civil war; revolution preceding revolution with rapid strides; still the form of the government remains virtually the same. Singular as it may appear, a strong analogy exists with regard to the position of the Imaun of Foulah and the powerful chiefs surrounding his throne, and England in the days of King John and his turbulent barons, or Scotland at a later period. Perhaps the most concise and simple way to convey some notion of what the Foulah Government is will be to give an account of a recent revolution which changed the uneasy crown from the head of the ex-Imaun Alimamee Boccaree to that of the reigning Monarch, Omar. At the commencement of 1843, rumours reached Sierra Leone which portended commotions in Foulah; and in May, intelligence was received that the Imaun, Alimamee Boccaree, had been deposed, and that Omar was King. The ostensible reason offered for dethroning

the reigning Monarch was that the Alfayah family, of which he was a member, had usurped the crown too long; but the real cause, the true state of the case, and the great inducement to plunge the kingdom into anarchy and confusion, arose from the restless spirit of the chiefs, the exhausted state of their finances, and the probable chance of the new Imaun, under the tolerable certainty of his recruiting their purses, coupled with the golden promises held forth by Omar of offices, governments, and commands, to be conferred upon his immediate followers by him, when he reached the throne of Teembo. Soon and suddenly was the trumpet of war sounded, the country became disturbed from one corner to another, and the parties of the rival factions took the field.

Alimamee soon found that the nearest and dearest friends, the followers raised to power by his hand, and the crowd who basked joyfully in the sunshine of his prosperity, were not proof against the change of his declining fortunes and the probable success of the all-powerful Omar. Finding that his forces deserted in numbers, he commenced a retreat on Teembo, closely pursued by his enemy, who continued hanging upon his rear, and harassing him; and finally, by incredible exertions and forced marches by night, turned Alimamee's flank, reached Fookombah, and placed himself between his enemy and Teembo.

Omar, having effected this, and secured himself, called a meeting of his chiefs, and in a solemn palaver swore upon the Koran he would take off all the chiefs' heads attached to the Imaun, but especially that of Mohammedo Malifa, the first subject in Foulah, the confidential Minister of the Imaun, and his deputy in command; and one of his most active partizans, in pursuance of this bloody determination, Side Mervelee, Omar's Commander-in-Chief, made a foray, attacked two Beys (Belambah and Moombiah)—the first was slaughtered in his bed by four of the Sooryah family, and the latter was dragged from his house at midnight, and shot at his own threshold by Side Mervelee, who had sworn, with a party of the Sooryahs, to bring the head of the Imaun's eldest son to Omar; and made three attempts to assassinate the Imaun. Despite of the adverse state of affairs, and in no way deterred, Alimamee continued his march, and, to his surprise, entered Fookombah without opposition.

The head men and chiefs of the respective combatants purposed to negotiate for peace without reference to the respective Commanders, the Imaun and his rival being considered mere puppets in their hands. The Imaun's tabbaler, or great war-drum, soon announced his return to Teembo, without encountering the troops of Omar, or seeing any appearance of him or of his army; but his mother, Menen Potee, sent him warning of danger, that supplies of rice for His Highness had been plundered by Omar, and that a hostile visit might be expected about cock-crow, the time generally for attacking an enemy. Still Omar made no demonstration of hostilities, and every one was lulled into security; but when the Imaun's people had all retired to rest, Omar, by an adventurous and silent movement, entered the town; and on His Highness and chiefs, at sunrise, entering the great mosque for morning prayers, they found one side occupied by Omar and his head men, who had already commenced their devotions. Strange inconsistency! His Highness and his adversary exchanged the accustomed salutation, *Salaam Aleikum*, "Peace be with you;" the Imaun then rose, and addressing Omar, said—

"Since the first hut was erected in Teembo, no war has profaned the vicinity of the house of God, and therefore I will withdraw my forces to the savannah in rear of the mosque, whither, oh, adversary, I trust you will immediately follow me, there to submit our claims to God's decision, and thus avoid the infamy of being the first to pollute Teembo with bloodshed."

Omar's reply to this chivalrous challenge was characteristic of prudence, cunning, and diplomacy, worthy of a more enlightened statesman:—

"God," answered Omar, "has made me master of the strongest part of the town, and there will I abide the decision of the grand council and peace palaver of our respective chiefs, whether I or you, oh, Alimamee Boccaree, shall be master of Foulah."

In vain the Imaun drew out his troops, and by every stratagem endeavoured to provoke Omar to the attack. The crafty rebel still held his wise resolution; and although Ibrahim and Bah Dembah, the sons of the Imaun, made a furious and simultaneous onslaught, with a band of chosen warriors, on Omar's well-chosen and stronger-defended position, he rested satisfied with repulsing his assailants. Ibrahim and Bah Dembah, smarting under this repulse, and indignant at their father's supineness, and tenderness, as they imagined it, prepared for a general assault upon the rebels, giving Omar until four o'clock to come out and fight them; and as the time approached, Ibrahim was seen pacing up and down like a chafed lion, eyeing his lengthening shadow, when, lo, the whole female population of Teembo, married and single, led by one of Omar's wives, rushed between Ibrahim's attacking party and Omar's quarters, and casting themselves on their knees before him, exclaimed, "they would not see them embroil their hands in the blood of their fathers, husbands, and brothers; and, if they made the assault, it must be over their prostrate bodies."

Considering these natives of Africa are classed by a large proportion of the civilized world as savages, ranking but little above the brute creation in intellect, feelings, and understanding, that for ages they have been ordained not only to hew wood and draw water, but to toil as beasts of the field, that they were legally kidnapped, dragged from their countries, their homes, their hearths, and their families, to minister to the luxuries, pamper the appetite, accumulate by their blood, tears, and sweat of their bodies, fortunes for cruel, heartless, and oppressive task-masters, not always to be used in an honourable and generous expenditure for the benefit of others, or even for that of the individuals themselves, but too often squandered in rioting, dissipation, gambling, and wantonness, the conduct and devotion of the Foulah women might prove a salutary lesson to many enlightened people. But let it not be imagined I am levelling a canting, twaddling tirade against our West India planters, or flinging one more stone at a party already unjustly abused.

Now commences a deep game, worthy of English electioneering in olden times. Omar distributed presents of slaves, horses, cattle, sheep, rice, country cloths, blue baid, fine muslin, double-barrelled fowling-pieces, procured from the French colony at Balkeel, among his chiefs and the members of the Grand Council, and the Engillah, or hereditary House of Commons; but, not contented with all this, he kept open house for the two days preceding the election, and feasted every one who chose to partake of his profuse and prodigal hospitality. At last Sunday came, the day appointed to settle the question. The Grand Council and Engillah met, and the reigning monarch is so powerless as to be obliged to remain a passive spectator, while a portion of his subjects proceed to discuss and decide whether he is to hold the reins of government any longer, or another take his seat. One-third of the assembly only declared for Omar; but many of the Imaun's chiefs left the palaver-house without voting; thus virtually abandoning his cause, compromising between their consciences and their interests, and affording ample proofs of the efficiency of Omar's presents, and the sound policy of his feasting. Five chiefs of the Sooryah family and two of Omar's uncles, disgusted with the venality of the chiefs, proved



honourable exceptions to this dastardly proceeding, and protested loudly, before the whole assembly, against the iniquitous and barefaced trick, declaring their determination to oppose Omar, even if bloodshed followed; and thus by the silence of the majority the election (rather an anomaly, considering he was King already,) was gained. The following day they accompanied the deposed Imaun, Alimamee Boccaree, from Teembo to Darah.

To European ideas it sounds singular for a King to submit quietly to be removed from his throne, to be stripped of the ensigns of royalty by the voices of his nobility, and to retire into private life; but in Foulah this is no novelty, nor does it excite either astonishment or commiseration. The fallen Monarch consoles himself with the prospect of resuming his power at no distant day, and playing a similar game to the one lately so successfully acted against himself. The fact is, the Imauns of Foulah are completely in the hands of their chiefs and headmen, who invariably keep one of the royal family in reserve, as a check upon the reigning Monarch; so that should he attempt to render himself independent of them, or assume the prerogative of power; should he assert his free agency, or presume to fancy himself every inch a King, the turbulent nobles at once start a candidate for the throne, plunge the country into civil war, and sell the crown to the highest bidder. At present there are four aspirants in abeyance for the Imaunship of Foulah, all of whom are led to hope and suppose they will reach the slippery pre-eminence at some future day.

This position of the ruler of Foulah reminds one strongly of the turbulent ages in England and Scotland, when the bold Barons of these countries dictated to their respective Sovereigns the line of government they must pursue; and who, jealous of the least infringement upon their usurped authority and fancied rights, were in reality the tyrants of their Monarchs. Beautiful, ill-fated and unhappy Mary, of melancholy memory, dispossessed of her crown, and immured in prison, by her rebellious subjects, illustrates Foulah royalty, presenting a memorable and sad example of how unstable is the tenure of a crown to the Sovereign when once innovations take place, when the many seek to govern the few, and intriguing agitating demagogues excite the rabble to refuse obedience to their lawful rulers; for whether among civilized or uncivilized nations, in Europe or in Africa, be the bone of contention what it may, the gist of the matter is the pecuniary advantage,—the political aggrandisement of these would-be magnates of the realm,—and for these reasons constant revolutions have lacerated, and will constantly harass, the wide-spreading and fertile kingdom of Foulah. On the deposing of an Imaun the governments of provinces and large towns become vacant; and, as they are invariably given to the highest bidder and heaviest briber, the chiefs composing the Grand Council, and the Engillajah, or hereditary representatives of the inferior chiefs, reap a rich harvest, and replenish their exhausted finances. To them, therefore, a revolution is a matter of speculation, delight, and profit; and hence they are willing to foment civil war and excite popular disturbances.

The system throughout Foulah is so venal and rotten that the Governors blush not at receiving bribes openly; and, as all minor cases are decided by them without appeal, they are enabled to reimburse themselves for their first outlay in securing their governments. By being open to corruption thus the chiefs of Teembo, the Engillajah, the governors of provinces and towns, are the sole gainers, and the sufferers their rivals for the robes of office, who nearly beggar themselves to compass the coveted position. Then come the inferior chiefs, who must bribe largely to get justice; and finally, the bulk of the people, deemed, as is the case in all Mahometan countries, the legitimate prey for the higher powers, whose withers may be easily, and never too severely, wrung.

The kingdom of Foulah is divided into nine provincial and forty-two municipal governments, all of which changed masters the last revolution, except Kengampeli and Dundaiah. Both of these have been held possession of by their present respective rulers for upwards of forty years, who, maintaining their posts, have only been confirmed in succession by the various Imauns called to the throne, no rivals daring to offer themselves as candidates for either of these provinces, as death, by poison or the dagger, would follow within a month of their elevation.

One consequence follows from these repeated contests for power, and from this gross system of corruption: the disappointed competitors pass over to the party of the ex Imaun; and as there are invariably three or four candidates for each government, the successful Imaun loses many adherents; so that, should his life be prolonged, there is a tolerable certainty of his being disturbed in, if not ousted from, his throne, as soon as his treasury is exhausted, or, to use the expressive term of the Foulahs, "the hand of the reigning Monarch becomes dry."

The ill-fated Niger Expedition, fraught with such melancholy disappointments, and terminating with such disastrous consequences, has alarmed the natives of Central Africa, and led them to suppose their country would be invaded by the English, and the people be released from the barbarous thralldom they are now subject to. The boys, chiefs, and head-men imagine if an European was once allowed to penetrate to the Niger, the ruin of Foulah, Bambarra, and other kingdoms, would be sealed, as no white man as yet has been permitted to traverse this portion of the land; according to an ancient prophecy, well known and generally circulated through Central Africa, that "should ships once sail up the Niger, all the nations of Central Africa would be broken, and Foulah demolished."

The principles which govern all Africans, enlightened and barbarous, are selfish aggrandisement, unlimited command over their inferiors, unblushing venality, and a determined and unconquerable aversion to the admission of the European into their nations. The chiefs are crafty and insatiable monopolists of the trade, wealth, and power in their several kingdoms. To preserve all these they unceasingly struggle towards one end, and lend all their faculties to one purpose. No exertion is deemed too great, no falsehood too palpable, no crime too sanguinary, to retain them in their own position. Hence they fear free trade and honesty; protection of property and confidence would attend on their footsteps; that the darkness of barbarism and slavery would be dispelled from the minds of the people, who at present are but the live goods and chattels of their kings and chiefs, to be bought and sold as suits their interest or caprice; their liberties, their miserable properties, are held at the beck and call, and on sufferance, of boys and sovereigns, who, influenced by imaginary insult, a thirst to increase their territories, or instigated by revenge, summon, by the beat of the drum, every disposable man, to make war, and furnish slaves to the Spanish, Portuguese, and Brazilian dealers. None dare disobey or resist this mandate; none presume to question the reasons for invading the neighbouring kingdom of a peaceful chief; the King and council palaver will it, Biahmilla, the people, must obey. Hence it is that the voices and interests of the influential men and rulers throughout Africa, from north to south, from east to west, are hostile to European enterprise. Hence it is we have penetrated so little beyond the routes of our oldest travellers, and the interior of Central

Western Africa is still wrapped in obscurity, and clothed with terrors and dangers,—a sealed volume to us. The boldest spirits, the most vigorous constitutions, the best-organized and judicious measures, have been frustrated, have sunk under the inroads of the climate, by the hostility of the natives. Expeditions conducted on the most liberal scale, and under the most favourable auspices, aided by wealth, experience, and talent, and protected by powerful governments, and the humble and unpretending pilgrim, with scrip and staff, have both alike failed. The natural and local obstacles which oppose the white man's travelling in Africa are numerous and baffling. A fatal and deadly climate, the secret or avowed hostilities of the natives, the total want of all conveyance, the impassableness of the roads, or, more correctly speaking, the tracks; the avariciousness, duplicity, and gross superstition of the chiefs, their exorbitant demands and unremitting extortion, their jealousy of each other, their supposition that the white man's means are inexhaustible, and their resolve to be master of his funds, and their total want of confidence in the assertions of any one, and, their unqualified disbelief in the veracity of the Europeans' reasons that a wish to gain knowledge, to improve science, and benefit the natives themselves, are the only inducements for leaving their own distant land, to encounter the acknowledged perils of disease, pestilence, and famine, to endure scorching suns, to traverse dreary inhospitable deserts, to penetrate forests and jungles terrific to the very natives from their wild and savage inhabitants, and to follow the path from which so many of their countrymen have never retraced their footsteps.

It is difficult to comprehend, and almost impossible to describe, the frivolous pretences which the Africans resort to to check our penetrating to the interior. An able and anxious missionary, ambitious to circulate the Gospel, made his way to Darrah, intending to proceed to Sego, the capital of Bambara, and thence, if practicable, to far-famed Timbuctoo. Seasoned by long residence on the western coast, thoroughly acquainted with the natives of various tribes, from daily intercourse with them at Freetown, and understanding not only Arabic but many of the African languages, supported by the Governor and Council, and bearing credentials to the Imaun and head-men, he reached only one hundred and seventy miles. There he remained for eighteen months in the vain expectation of being allowed to pursue his route, receiving the strongest assurance of assistance and countenance from the powers in authority; but which proved eventually to be but hollow promises, and that hidden means were resorted to to delay, if not to put an end to, his journey. Days and weeks were frittered away. Now it was stated that the road was unsafe from marauding parties, then the weather was unfavourable for the white man's travelling, or an assumed carefulness of his life, lest he might fall into the hands of the next nation, who were Pagans, and, at last, he must wait a month to kiss a newly elected Imaun's hand. Humble, patient, and persevering, the missionary still dwelt at Darrah, hoping at last to conquer by his determination all difficulties. With no one of his colour or country but his little son, among a bigoted and besotted race of Mahometans, he boldly exercised his calling, and assembled around him a small congregation of his own immediate followers. The rainy season came, and with it the usual attendants of sickness and fever. The missionary took it. Hope deferred made the heart sick. The remembrance of his wife and family at Freetown, from whom he had been separated some months, anxiously looking for and entreating his return, whose only prop and support he was in a cold and selfish world, and his little son, his companion in peril and danger, to be left at the mercy of strangers, of established and accredited slave-dealers, of enlightened and well read Mollahs, who would glory in making him a proselyte to their religion, were one and all too much for an impaired and shattered constitution to undergo,—and the last adventurous traveller who attempted to penetrate Central Africa, lies buried at Darrah. The Foulah chiefs behaved with kindness to him in his last moments, and suffered his remains to be buried according to the rites of his religion. His orphan son has since been brought to Sierra Leone; but to a solitary hearth; for his mother, wearied with anxiety, and tortured by suspense for her husband's fate, pined away, and died a few days before the account was received in Freetown of his decease.

Although the Africans may disagree in politics, religion, interests, or habits, they all seem unanimous on one subject,—a deep-rooted aversion to the European becoming intimately acquainted with the interior of their continent, and an unqualified disbelief in the motive to instruct them in the manufactures, disseminate the truths of the Gospel, spread the blessing of peace, and, by opening a road for commerce, confer a mutual benefit. "Aye, aye," answered a shrewd crafty old bey to a well-known African traveller, "thankee, thankee, that is good; but, God be praised, we don't want to learn the white man's knowledge. The people, and the land, the fields, the crops, the rivers, and forest, are now all ours; and, by the Prophet's beard, you must make presents to us to be permitted to come near us: but once you get a hand within our nations, and you will take the very dust from under our feet."

## PENCILLINGS OF POLITICIANS.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

Very few, indeed, of the countless multitude who visit the great world of London, either for business or pleasure, omit to embrace the opportunity of attending the debates in the two Houses of Parliament, and of becoming acquainted with the personal appearances of those with whose names, through the medium of the public journals, they have already been made familiar. But as there are many in this country, who never have, and in all probability, never will, cross the Atlantic, I have been induced, at the request of several readers of these sketches, to introduce to them a few of the prominent speakers in the British Parliament, especially those whose names are familiar on this side of the water.

It is by no means, I am sorry to say, so easy a matter to procure admission into the Houses of Parliament in England, as it is to get into the Halls of Legislation in America. Unless an order from a member of the lower House be obtained, the doors of the "Commons" are closed against the petitioner for entrance; and to enter the House of Lords, a Peer's order is necessary, and that is by no means easily procurable. Indeed, hundreds of individuals are debarred the privilege of entry, from sheer inability to procure the necessary documents; and many will not incur the risk of a refusal, from a purse-proud member, or a haughty lord.

My first visit to the councils of the British Nation was paid before the old Houses of Parliament were burned down. I did not know so much about legislative assemblies then as I do now, and in my greenness supposed that the sitting of a Parliament was a very grave and dignified affair, indeed. Provided with an order from the Member in Parliament from my native city, I presented it at the doorway of the gallery, and after sundry squeezings, and many vigorous efforts, I managed to wriggle into a back seat in the gallery allotted to the public, and from whence I had a tolerable view of the house and its members,



"What a bear garden!" was my exclamation of surprise, as I looked down on the honorable House. It was an oblong apartment, ill lighted and badly ventilated; on the walls were hung old tapestries, which more resembled the refuse of a rag-shop, than anything else. In a chair, at the upper end, sat the Speaker, grotesquely attired in a wig, and on either side of the apartment were arranged benches, placed parallel with the side walls—in the centre of the floor was an open space.

The members and supporters of the Government sat on one side of the House, and the Opposition party on the other. Some were loling listlessly on their seats—many were stretched, at their full length, asleep, on the back benches—some were conversing—and all, with the exception of the member addressing the House, had their hats on. A member was making a speech, but not a word of his address could I hear, owing to the multitudinous noises which assailed my ears; it was to me all dumb show. Now an honorable member would imitate the crowing of a cock—then the barking of a dog would create a peal of laughter—cries of "oh! oh!" and "hear! hear!" were every moment heard—and what with all this, and the noises made by continually entering and departing members, the confusion was such that all my ideas of the dignity of "Parliament" were at once scattered to the winds.

On that particular evening the celebrated Radical, Cobbett, happened to speak. I looked at him with great interest, of course. He was a tall, well built, portly man, with a good humored face, a keen grey eye, and white hair. He was dressed in nankeen trousers, and had on a coat and waistcoat of some light material. On the bench, beside him, was his famous white hat. He spoke unaffectedly, and to the point, using no effort, and without any apparent attempt at display. No one, who was unacquainted with him, would have supposed him to be the bitter and vigorous political writer—and I believe it is generally acknowledged that he failed as a Parliamentary speaker.

Henry Hunt was also in the House, but he did not say anything. I had but a slight glimpse of the celebrated mob orator, and should have retained, at the present time, but a very uncertain recollection of him had it not been for the following circumstance.

In the year eighteen hundred and thirty three, I was staying with a friend of mine, a tradesman, at his house, in one of the market towns of Somersetshire—and one day, whilst standing at the door of his shop, he directed my attention to a gentleman who was walking on the other side of the street. The stranger was upwards of six feet high, with a fresh, country, pure red and white complexion, hair white as the driven snow, and a form, which, at one time, must have been very powerful. His face wore a pleasant smile, and his bearing was quite gentlemanly. It was Hunt; he had then quitted Parliament, and was travelling on his business, he being an extensive manufacturer of the noted "Matchless Blacking." He called, in the course of the morning, at my friend's shop, and accepted his invitation to spend the evening—and a pleasanter time I have seldom passed; for Mr. Hunt's career had been a very eventful one, and he was full of anecdote respecting the various celebrated men of his day.

He was very bitter against Mr. now Sir Robert Peel, and told us that on one occasion the latter had, in his place in Parliament, twitted him with being a tradesman. I was not in my seat, remarked Hunt, when the remark was said, but I soon after entered the house, and some one told me what Peel had said of me. So I rose, and admitted the fact that I was a Blacking Manufacturer. And added, "I am the first of my family who ever was a tradesman, but the honorable member is the first of his, who ever was a gentleman."

He hated O'Connell with a perfect hatred, and said that he was the greatest hypocrite breathing. He averred that he knew it to be a fact that the Agitator had a little chapel in his house in Merrion Square, Dublin, in which was a painting of the Crucifixion—and that it was O'Connell's habit to suffer himself to be surprised at his devotions by those whom he desired to impress with an idea of his sanctity. I forget now half of the anecdotes and tales he told us, but they were very interesting. He had a quick perception of the ludicrous, and told a story well; but he was vain of his own deeds, and of the power which he once possessed. His description of the famous Peterloo Massacre was very graphic; but it would possess little interest here, and I take leave of Hunt, only remarking, that in a few months after I met him he was struck down by apoplexy, whilst travelling in his chaise, and died in a few hours afterwards.

Since the burning of the Houses of Parliament, the place in which the business of the nation has been transacted was built for merely temporary use. During the great Reform Debates, I was fortunate enough to procure a Speaker's order, which admitted me to the body of the House, or at least to that part of it situated under the gallery, allotted to the use of the Public. Occasionally, too, I enounced myself in the Reporter's gallery, as I was intimate with some of the gentlemen connected with the morning journals; and I will venture to assert, that for genuine humour, real fun, and rollicking amusement, there is no place, during a dull debate, to be compared with the Reporters' quarters—during a brisk fight below, there is, of course, time for little else than quill driving.

By far the best Reporters on the London Press are Irishmen; all of them, of course, well educated, and many of them members of learned professions. Occasionally they play off their jokes on any unfortunate, who may enter on their sacred precincts—one of the best I have heard of I will just mention.

A few years since, a member of the Society of Friends, by some means or other, got into the Reporters' gallery. In the course of the debate to which he was listening, a long pause occurred, and one of the Reporters broke the silence of the House, by calling out, at the top of his voice, "A song from the Speaker!" Such an infraction of the rules of the House caused, of course, the greatest surprise; and on the motion of a member, the Sergeant at-Arms was despatched to the Gallery, for the purpose of taking the offending individual into custody. On the officer's entering the Reporters' box, the wag who had been the cause of the disturbance, slyly pointed out the Quaker as the delinquent; and the disciple of Fox was immediately taken into custody, from which he was not released until an explanation of the affair was made.

Let us suppose ourselves in the House of Lords, during some interesting debate. We are crowded together below the bar, but can, nevertheless, obtain pretty fair glimpses of the Peers. The Lord Chancellor (Cottenham,) wiggid and gownid, is sitting on the woolsack, (a huge pack, covered with scarlet cloth,) and before him lies the mace, and, enclosed in its bag the great seal of England, of which, by virtue of his office, he is the keeper. Near him sit the twelve Judges, all in their wigs, and scarlet robes, trimmed with ermine; and at his side are the lawn-sleeved Bishops. The Peers are dressed in plain clothes, as they always are indeed, excepting on the occasions of the Queen's opening, proroguing or dissolving Parliament. We may recognise several of them, by the resemblance they bear to certain personages in the caricatures of H.B. or Punch. For instance, look at that tall, ungainly looking figure, which leans carelessly against the back of the bench. Mark those strapless trousers, of dark check—those unblackened boots—that rusty, ill cut coat—that voluminous

neck cloth, in whose folds the chin is half buried;—glance at that hat, which covers the owner of those shabby habiliments, and, without a glimpse of the face beneath it, you cannot make a mistake about the Lord who is so busily employed in reading, perhaps a report of one of his own speeches, in the Times. Most probably he is, or fancies himself to be, misreported—for see how furiously his eyes twinkle, how nervously agitated are his brows—how his mouth describes all imaginable angles and curves, and how that "little proboscis" of his writhes, as if in mortal agony. See, he springs to his feet, and having caught the Chancellor's eye, he raps the paper violently with the back of his right hand, whilst the words "breach of privilege," are over and over again uttered. It is Brougham—who else on earth can it be? "None but himself" can be his parallel." And he vehemently pours forth a denunciatory flood against, and empties all the vials of his wrath upon the unlucky print, whilst his compeers sit, regarding him with mingled admiration and amusement.

Lord Brougham's oratory would not at first strike a stranger. His voice is harsh, unmusical, and even grating. In action, too, he is far from being effective. But see him, when he has well warmed up to his subject, and hear him, as he wields the terrible weapons of sarcasm and invective. Then, indeed, is he great, and it may be added, I hope without being irreverent, "greatly to be feared." Like the lion he lashes himself into a fury, and then woe be unto those who shall fall under the severity of his merciless infliction. Yet in home life he is pleasant enough, and I had some slight opportunity, about two years since, of seeing him in his parlor, at different times, and for hours together. A young artist, named Evans, residing at Newport, in Monmouthshire, was commissioned by the Mechanic's Institute of that place, to paint a full length portrait of Lord Brougham for their large room; and the noble sitter having acceded to the request of the Committee, the artist proceeded to London for the purpose of executing his commission. I was in town at the time, and accompanied the artist on four occasions to Lord Brougham's house in Berkeley square. During the sittings, his lady and daughter (an only child,) were very frequently in the room, and I could not but observe and admire the exceeding gentleness of the father to his invalid child. One could hardly have recognised, in the anxious parent, the bellicose orator of the Upper House. During the progress of the picture he talked continually and very affably with the painter—made many inquiries respecting the Iron districts, from which he came—asked, with much apparent interest, questions respecting the state of education there, and on other matters of interest his queries were numerous.

He was a bad sitter, and never kept in one position three minutes together. Now he would turn on one side, then on another—at very short intervals he would rise and examine the picture, and frequently make trifling remarks, or suggest improvements—the disposition of his stubby hair was a source of much anxiety to him, and he more than once had the position of the right arm altered. Frequently, whilst he was sitting, letters would be brought him, which he read with great rapidity, and to some of them he scrawled answers, with railroad velocity; indeed, he was continually on the move, and I believe my friend was heartily glad when he had accomplished his task. Brougham very kindly commended the portrait, and furnished the artist with letters to some of his friends, which ultimately procured him commissions.

Now for a contrast. On the bench opposite to Brougham is seated a gentleman with folded arms, and a singularly intellectual countenance: a calm dignity is its distinguishing characteristic. It is a face which would at once attract admiring and respectful attention, if met with amongst a crowd of philosophers. There is a profoundness of thought evident in the expression of those deeply-set eyes, and firmness—great firmness—is indicated by the mouth. Notice the ease of his position—the quiet, yet deep attention he pays to what is going on. Mark the scarcely perceptible curl of his lip, as some satirical allusion is made to his party. That is no common man. The son of an American portrait-painter, by the sheer force of his own transcendent genius he rose to the highest station which a subject can fill in England, in his profession—that of Lord Chancellor. It is Lord Lyndhurst.

I was once gratified and astonished by an exhibition of Lord Lyndhurst's prodigious powers of memory. When I was quite a lad, he was then, as Sir John Copley, Recorder of my native city; and I remember his fine and dignified appearance, when on the Bench, as well as if I saw him but yesterday. At that time he was engaged in trying a person for murder. The case was one in which the evidence was purely circumstantial, and, as the crime was committed by means of poison, medical and chemical evidence, of the most complicated description, was adduced, both for and against the accused. During three days the trial proceeded, and, on the morning of the fourth, Sir John Copley was to sum up. Much anxiety was felt, as to his charge to the jury, and the court was crowded at an early hour. I was there, and occupied a place in the gallery immediately over the Judge's seat. At nine o'clock he entered the Court, seemingly as fresh and vigorous as if he had not, for the last three days, applied all the powers of his mind to the investigation and disentanglement of the web of evidence which had been woven by the counsellors for the prosecution and defence.

It is well known that Sir John Copley, when he sat on the Bench, took very few notes of what was transpiring, trusting chiefly to his memory. Such was his course in the present instance. Before commencing his charge, he looked, for a minute or two, over a few sheets of paper which he brought into Court with him; and then, rolling them up, and taking them in his hand, he commenced his address to the jury. In the course of his charge, without referring, for an instant, to a note, (excepting, in two or three instances, for the purpose of ascertaining the name of a witness,) he recapitulated the evidence, commented on it, stripped the arguments of counsel of their sophistries, detailed the medical and chemical opinions, and, divesting the evidence of the professional gentlemen of all technicalities, placed their testimonies in such clear light before the jury, that it astonished the doctors and the chemist themselves—and then, having concluded the whole of the evidence, he went over and over it again, dissecting it with the utmost nicety, and stating how it bore for or against the prisoner—and concluded by some of the most solemn remarks, on the fallibility of human judgment, that I ever heard.

Will it be believed that this most luminous charge, which occupied nine hours in the delivery, (with only half an hour's interval of rest,) was delivered without the aid of notes? Yet such, I solemnly aver, was the case. And so intensely interesting was it that no one tired. Yet this is but one of many instances of Lord Lyndhurst's peculiar power. Many such might, if necessary, be adduced.

Whilst dining at a friend's, a few days since, in company with a highly intelligent clergyman of Boston, the conversation turned on the subject of the House of Lords. "When I was there," said the clergyman alluded to, "I only heard one good speaker, and he was an American." And so far as his experience went he was right, for there are few better speakers in the House



than Lyndhurst. And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a stranger would miss hearing any thing like a tolerable speech.

Lord Lyndhurst's voice is exceedingly pleasant, and his eloquence flows in one continuous and beautiful stream. He never rants, or tears a passion to tatters; nor does he, by plausible arguments, or specious statements, produce his great effects. The moment he is "on his legs," the House always pays the most respectful attention. With his right hand placed in the breast of his buttoned coat, and rather ungracefully sawing the air with his extended left arm, he commences in a low, musical, distinct voice—gradually his voice becomes louder, and then, in rapid succession, brilliant sentences succeed each other, until his lucid statements have half persuaded, even his opponents. He never suffers any interruption to ruffle his temper, and in this he is the very opposite of his great rival, Brougham, who becomes nettled to the quick at any interference whilst he is speaking. Lord Lyndhurst may be considered the first speaker in the House. As a debater Brougham must yield to him; and as a lawyer he is not to be compared with him. Both are men of vast acquirements, but Lyndhurst's intuitive knowledge surpasses that which has been acquired by his great rival.

Near Lyndhurst sits the Duke of Wellington—that is him in a blue frock closely buttoned up to his chin, with his left hand behind his ear, and placed there, seemingly, for the purpose of assisting his hearing, by acting as a sort of trumpet. His right hand holds his hat, which is placed on his knee. A very clever sketch of him recently appeared in one of the illustrated London papers. It represents him in this, his usual position in the House, and as a likeness, I would rather have it than many costly engravings of him. The Duke appears quite the old man—but glance at his tough looking countenance—his determined looking nose, and his firm mouth, and you will perceive that his frame has much stamina in it yet. His hair and whiskers are grey, but the fire of his eye is undimmed. As a speaker, he does not particularly shine, but what he does say is to the point. All that firmness and decision is displayed which we may easily believe are distinguishing traits of his character. His speeches are curt and businesslike affairs. There is no more attempt at oratorical display than if he were giving the word of command, at the head of an army. If one did not know him to be the Duke, he would be set down as some little, business attending-to member of the Government, and excite scarcely a passing remark. But as the Duke, the greatest respect is shown him by all parties, and marked attention is paid to every word which he utters.

No one in London streets attracts greater attention than the Duke. Wherever he is recognised, every hat is touched, and if he happens to be on foot, he is followed by crowds eager to catch a glimpse of the Hero of Waterloo. No stranger who visits London considers that he has seen all the "Lions," if he has not caught a glimpse of the Duke. In illustration of this remark, I may mention one circumstance. A lady of my acquaintance, on the morning of her intended departure from London, after a short visit, was walking with a friend in Hyde Park, near Apsley House, one morning, as early as six o'clock. As they walked along, she said, "Well, I have seen everything I wanted to see in London, excepting the Duke of Wellington, and I would rather have seen him than all the rest." She uttered this remark in a loud, sprightly voice, little dreaming that any but her friend heard it. Immediately however, a gentleman passed her, raised his hat, and smilingly said, "Madam, I am happy to present him to you," and, again bowing, passed on, followed, at a little distance, by his groom. There was no mistaking the personage who spoke. It was the Duke himself, and I need hardly say, that the lady was, in spite of her confusion, not a little gratified by the incident.

It would be uninteresting to readers on this side the water, were I to enter into any description of the personal appearances, or mental qualifications of such men as the Dukes of Devonshire, Richmond, Buckingham, and others of that class and order—indeed, the House of Lords must be singularly barren of interest to Americans. Nor shall I occupy time or space, by any notices of members of the bench of Bishops—they are generally portly looking gentlemen, well wigged, and dressed very much like old women, in black gowns and lawn sleeves. The Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Phillpotts, is the most knowing-looking of the number—whilst the face of the Archbishop of Canterbury is the very pattern of Ecclesiastical bearing and propriety.

The Judges are a solemn looking series of individuals—bound in scarlet and ermine. In Denman's face there is as much real dignity and majesty, as in that of any ancient statue which I ever saw. William's physiognomy is indicative only of a certain whipper-snapper sort of smartness. Maule's looks as if it were difficult for him to repress a smile. Parke's is massive and solemn. Rolfe's, full of benevolent acuteness; but Coleridge's is actually beautiful. Some months since, in an article in Blackwood's Magazine—Warren, author of the *Diary of a late Physician* described it—I do not exactly remember his words, and I have not the work by me to refer to, but it was to the effect, that Coleridge's features bore a most perfect resemblance to the faces of the Saviour, which we see in some of the paintings by the old masters. I have looked on Coleridge's countenance often, and see fresh beauty in it at every new glance. As a Judge, he ranks high, but not higher than his deservings. With a heart brimming over with human kindness, he possesses all the firmness requisite for his high position. Once I heard him pass sentence of death upon a poor wretch—the judge's large full eye swam with tears, and his face was deadly pale. I question if the criminal felt more agony than his earthly Judge.—He is nephew of the poet and philosopher, S. T. Coleridge, whose genius seems to have been to a great extent hereditary.

But the Lords are "up," let us go down to the Commons, where Macaulay, they say is now "on his legs."—*Boston Atlas.*

## ADVENTURES IN GEORGIA, CIRCASSIA, AND RUSSIA.

*Personal Adventures and Excursions in Georgia, Circassia, and Russia.* By G. P. Cameron, Esq. 2 vols. Colburn.

A work favourable to Russia, and directly opposed to that of the Marquis de Custine. Mr Cameron is an enthusiastic admirer of the Emperor Nicholas. In such a book as this, however, it is not the opinions, but the descriptions that are interesting. The author was engaged, it seems, from about the year 1838 to 1840, in particular services in Persia, Constantinople, Asia Minor, and the Black Sea. The book opens abruptly with his departure from Tabreez for Teflis; in his way to which, he visited the town of Marand, and crossed the Arras, the river which now forms "the boundary line of the kingdom of Persia and the vast empire of Russia." Some remarks on travelling in Russia are judicious:—

"The voyager should remember (above all, if he is in the army or navy) that he is decidedly in a military country, so much so, indeed, as in this particular not to have any other resembling it throughout the world. In Austria, Prussia, and even in France, military rank has invariably been found to be the

best passport, in society as well as in travelling; but in Russia any other is wholly disregarded, if not in some measure (unless in the higher branches of diplomacy) despised. The first act, therefore, of a naval or military officer journeying through any part of the Muscovite dominions, and stopping at any town or city, though he intend staying for merely four-and-twenty hours, should be immediately to wait upon, and report his arrival to, the governor or commandant of the district, in uniform. By this simple method, a compliment to the usages of the country, he creates a feeling favourable not only to himself personally, but towards his compatriots, who may subsequently take a similar route; he is materially assisted in whatever object he may have in view on his journey; and, above all, is exempt from those petty annoyances and extortions which will most assuredly follow his neglecting to adhere to the rule I have mentioned. In stating the necessity of his doing this in uniform, I may observe, that wearing plain clothes on such an occasion would be regarded as a slight, bordering upon actual insult to the authority to whom the visit was made; as, in a government like the Russian, where the military costume, and no other, under any circumstances whatever, is permitted to be worn by all ranks in the service, an officer appearing in any other dress would be quite beyond their comprehension. Those of our own army who have served in India will easily understand this feeling, where a similar rule is observed."

On the road from Teflis to the Baths of the Caucasus, our traveller encountered a storm, which he describes with more than ordinary eloquence:—

"About five-and-twenty versts from Teflis, we passed a large village on the right of the road, said to form the site of the ancient Iberian capital, but of which no traces are visible at the present day, beyond a few mounds of earth and several large blocks of granite, scattered at intervals to a considerable extent; one object, worthy of observation, however, is a church of an old and rudely constructed make, and which tradition asserts to be one of the first erected in the country during the earliest epoch of Christianity. It was, as near as I could judge, about midnight; I had fallen fast asleep, when I was suddenly aroused by a crash, that at the moment I could have imagined heralded the end of the world's existence. I have heard the report of upwards of a hundred pieces of ordnance in the field; I have felt my horse reel beneath the deafening explosion of a mine; but a parallel to such a peal as that which burst upon my now startled ear, and seemed to pierce the brain's most inward fibre, it has never been my lot to witness. Though momentarily stunned, I was in an instant completely awake; and then, such a keen, dazzling, lambent sheet of flame burst around, it seemed as if the circuit of the whole country was one bright stream of fire, followed, too, by a roar, if possible, more awful than the first. Half blinded though I was, I yet had time to mark its effect: the horses stood firm and still, with mane erect, their eyes almost starting from their sockets, more like the frightful resemblance of an equal number of bronze statues, than a picture of living life. My companion, whose pale countenance must have reflected back the image of my own, crossed himself devoutly, while our domestics pressed their hands to their eyes, to shut out the terrific spectacle, and the low, deep, yet fervent prayers of both, alike the Christian and the Mussulman, were poured forth with a devotion that could not have been more deeply expressed had the last hour been at hand. Another flash—another—and another: the rain descended in torrents, as if threatening a second deluge, while the deep, hoarse murmur of the rushing wind, and the sounds of crashing and falling trees, imparted additional terror to the scene. What a sublime—what an awful picture! I have been in many scenes of peril, both by sea and land; and merely in the area of a bloody and well-sustained conflict, where its maddening excitement banishes aught else from memory but the resolution to do or die; but in others, where, placed in the fullest and clearest point of view, and destitute of any absorbent passion to string and nerve the mind, it became necessary calmly and resolutely to gaze on the threatened danger no human means could avert; the more especially on one occasion, in the early part of 1834, when, embarked in what was as gallant a bark as ever rode or stemmed the seas, in one of the severest of the equinoctial gales witnessed during that tempestuous period, we rolled for some time, a heavy, crippled, misshapen wreck: fearfully, however, as it then impressed me, it was as nothing when compared to the feelings of breathless awe which possessed me on this occasion. For upwards of an hour the storm raged, and then as suddenly ceased, giving place to the most intense stillness. A pale, glimmering light, at first but very faint, but which gradually increased in strength, now appeared amidst the dense and murky darkness; further yet it extended its gladdening influence; a part of the blue vault of heaven, studded with bright and innumerable stars, now disclosed itself, smiling and serene, as if in contrast to the terrific scene which had but so recently passed away: further, and yet further still, it increased the extension of its cheering rays, the last speck disappeared on the distant horizon, and there shone forth, in all its brilliancy and lustre, the serene, soft beauty of night in a southern clime. It was then we breathed freely, and, congratulating each other upon the fortunate result of what we had witnessed, once more resumed our journey. As daylight dawned, on every side we beheld traces of the havoc caused by the recent storm: massive trees torn up by the roots; others, of a lighter frame, snapped short asunder; whilst more than once the servants were obliged to alight and clear away the branches and fragments of rock and stone with which the road was frequently completely blocked up."

With the story of Mazeppa all readers are familiar: it has a companion in that of Bogdan, a narrative of even greater interest:—

"Bogdan was a small proprietor, respected, and perhaps held in a degree of estimation, by his countrymen, above his station. In consequence of a misunderstanding with his suzerain, his property was seized, himself ignominiously scourged like a serf, and his wife and two lovely daughters, having been subjected to every species of coarse brutality, died raving mad. The man's nature was changed—hitherto he had been known only as the quiet, conciliating, and generous landlord—his purse and home ever open to the distressed, whom he was also always the first to assist by his counsel and sympathy under misfortune; but now, fearful and ominous was the difference: he never shed a tear; not a groan was suffered to escape his breast; calm and stern, his cold, clear, bright eye, caused an inward shudder in the spectator as he gazed upon him. He fled, and put himself at the head of a party of his countrymen, who were ripe for revolt. His efforts proved successful; and before many months had elapsed, the whole country was aroused, and he found himself at the head of a hundred thousand horsemen. Then commenced his revenge; castles were stormed; princes and nobles, in their robes and coronets, in bitter mockery, gibbeted on their own walls, having been compelled personally to witness the females of their families, many allied to the various royal houses of Europe, first subjected to the loathsome brutality of an infuriate soldiery, and then pitilessly murdered. During this time, Bogdan feasted his



eyes, in maniac gladness, with the agonies of his victims—the most atrocious of these scenes invariably taking place in his presence, and under his own superintendence. And yet, in the still hour of night, wrapped in his cloak, he would leave his camp and wander forth, followed at a distance by some faithful adherents—who, however, did not dare to intrude upon his presence—and, gazing upon vacancy, while not a sound, save a low and suppressed sob and wailing, came from him, would remain till the dawn of morning. What were his thoughts at that lone and silent period?—reverting to the past, the dishonour of his home, and the slaughter of his beautiful offspring!—or, did a transient shade of pity cross his mind in that hour of solitude for the victims (innocent as many were) of his own fearful implacability? None could tell; deep-buried and inscrutable to the human eye remained his feelings; and the morn saw him cold, calm, cruel, and pitiless as ever. He lived to an advanced age, shot and steel alike seeming to glide harmlessly by him; and, when he died, was worn to a skeleton by the conflict, which, while it exhibited not itself in outward appearance upon his countenance, at length slowly, but surely, destroyed the fibres of the sinewy and iron frame, which military toil and hardship had served but to fortify and strengthen."

This book contains two or three other romances of a similar kind; but narrated at greater length. The following is an incident often told of others, and no doubt truly:—

"One cold, bitter winter's night, a sledge, containing two travellers, drove up to one of the gates of the Kremlin, which the taller of the two, in a voice of authority, desired to be immediately opened. To this demand a very short but expressive negative monosyllable was returned,—sentries being, of all animals in the world, the most averse to any description of correspondence, whether colloquial or epistolary. The two strangers began to manifest symptoms of evident impatience at a rejoinder, to them, at least, of so unsatisfactory a nature; and the one who had previously spoken again bailed the imperturbable grenadier, and, proclaiming himself a general officer, desired him to comply with his mandate. 'If you are, as you declare yourself, a general, you ought to be aware of the first duty of a soldier,—obedience to his orders,' was the firm and determined reply, as the soldier resumed the measured tread of his march, which the above dialogue had momentarily interrupted. This was a poser; so, finding further argument unavailing, the travellers at last begged the sentry would exert his voice, and call up the officer of the guard. To this the man made no objection; and, after a tolerable expenditure of shouting and bawling, the guard-room being some twenty yards distant, a sleepy non-commissioned officer emerged from the building, and, learning the rank and wishes of the strangers, begged them at once to walk into the apartment of his commanding officer, till measures could be taken for a compliance with their desires. At the first sound of the taller stranger's voice, the young subaltern, bounding like a shot from the couch on which he reclined, stood in an attitude of subdued and respectful attention before him, requesting to know his pleasure. The traveller smiled, and merely desired him to relieve and bring into his presence the sentry at the gate. This was quickly done, and the man entered the room at the very moment the stranger cast aside the large travelling cloak which encircled him. There was no mistaking that noble, that majestic figure, that broad, commanding, and magnificent brow, on which a momentary expression of impatience had given way to one of humour and benevolence. Erect as a popular, the soldier stood before his sovereign, in a desperate quandary at thus discovering who was the person he had so cavalierly repulsed, and yet with a something like conscientiousness that in doing so he had only strictly acted up to his duty! He had no time, however, for fear, as the Emperor, calling upon him to advance, commended his conduct in the warmest terms, ordered the sum of a hundred silver rubles (about 40*l.*) to be paid him, and with his own hand wrote a letter to his commanding officer, desiring his immediate promotion to the rank of sergeant, a requisition which, of course, it is almost needless to observe, was promptly complied with. To account for the Emperor's apparently singular and unexpected arrival on the night in question, it may be mentioned, such is his indefatigable activity, that in the event of there existing a possibility of any important business on hand being accelerated by his presence, he has been repeatedly known, as on the present occasion, to throw himself into a sledge, or *cachette*, accompanied alone by a confidential member of his household; the first intimation of his doing so being his arrival at the city or seat of government in question itself!"

### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

MRS. CAUDLE THINKS "IT WOULD LOOK WELL TO KEEP THEIR WEDDING-DAY."

Caudle, love, do you know what next Sunday is? No! you don't? Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't you guess, darling? Next Sunday, dear! Think, love, a minute—just think. What! and you don't know now? Ha! if I hadn't a better memory than you, I don't know how we should ever get on. Well, then, pet,—shall I tell you what next Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding day—What are you groaning at, Mr. Caudle? I don't see anything to groan at. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you. No! I rather think it's I who ought to groan!

"Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very different man then, Mr. Caudle. What do you say? And I was a very different woman? Not at all—just the same. Oh, you needn't roll your head about on the pillow in that way! I say, just the same. Well, then, if I'm altered, whose fault is it? Not mine, I'm sure—certainly not. Don't tell me that I could not talk at all then—I could talk just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you who've made me talk. What do you say? You're very sorry for it? Caudle, you do nothing but insult me."

"Ha! you were a good tempered, nice creature fourteen years ago, and would have done anything for me. Yes, yes, if a woman would be always cared for, she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while you're courting us; but once married, how soon you pull our wings off! No, Mr. Caudle, I'm not talking nonsense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody ever tells me that I talk nonsense but you. Now, it's no use your turning and turning about in that way, it's not a bit of—what do you say? You'll get up? No you won't, Mr. Caudle: you'll not serve me that trick again; for I've locked the door, and hid the key. There's no getting hold of you all the day-time,—but here you can't leave me. You needn't groan again, Mr. Caudle."

"Now, Caudle, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all, love, there's a good many folks who, I dare say, don't get on half so well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps; but you are aggravating; you must own that, Caudle. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love. We never have kept our wedding-

day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? They'd think it hypocrisy? No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure I try to be comfortable; and if ever a man was happy, you ought to be. No, Caudle, no: it isn't nonsense to keep wedding-days; it isn't a deception on the world; and if it is, how many people do it! I'm sure, it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife. Look at the Winkles—don't they give a dinner every year? Well, I know, and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelve-month, that's nothing to do with it. They keep their wedding-day, and their acquaintance have nothing to do with anything else."

"As I say, Caudle, it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding-day. It's as much as to say to the whole world—'There! if I had to marry again, my blessed wife's the only woman I'd choose!' Well! I see nothing to groan at, Mr. Caudle—no, or to sigh at either; but I know what you mean: I'm sure, what would have become of you, if you hadn't married as you have done—why, you'd have been a lost creature! I know it; I know your habits, Caudle; and—I don't like to say it—but you'd have been little better than a ragamuffin. Nice scrapes you'd have got into I know, if you hadn't had me for a wife. The trouble I've had to keep you respectable—and what's my thanks! Ha! I only wish you'd had some women!"

"But we won't quarrel, Caudle. No; you don't mean anything, I know. We'll have this dinner, eh? Just a few friends? Now don't say you don't care—that isn't the way to speak to a wife; and especially the wife I've been to you, Caudle. Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now don't grunt, Mr. Caudle, but speak out. You'll keep your wedding day? What! If I'll let you go to sleep? Ha, that's unmanly, Caudle; can't you say 'Yes' without anything else? I say—can't you say 'Yes'—There, bless you! I knew you would."

"And now, Caudle, what shall we have for dinner? No—we won't talk of it to-morrow; we'll talk of it now, and then it will be off my mind. I should like something particular—something out of the way—just to show that we thought the day something. I should like—Mr. Caudle, you're not asleep? What do I want? Why you know I want to settle about the dinner. Have what I like? No: as it's your fancy to keep the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. We never had one, Caudle; so what do you think of a haunch of venison? What do you say? Nonsense! mutton will do! Ha! that shows what you think of your wife; I dare say if it was with any of your club friends—any of your pot-house companions—you'd have no objection to venison. I say if—what do you mutter? Let it be venison! Very well. And now about the fish? What do you think of a nice turbot? No, Mr. Caudle; brill won't do—it shall be turbot, or there shall be any fish at all. Oh, what a mean man you are, Caudle! Shall it be turbot? It shall! Very well. And now about the soup—now Caudle, don't swear at the soup in that manner; you know there must be soup. Well, once in a way, and just to show our friends how happy we've been, we'll have some real turtle. No, you won't, you'll have nothing but mock! Then, Mr. Caudle, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on a wedding-day! Was there ever such an insult? What do you say? Let it be real, then, for once! Ha, Caudle! as I say, you were a very different person fourteen years ago."

"And Caudle, you'll look after the venison? There's a place I know, somewhere in the City, where you get it beautiful! You'll look to it! You will! Very well."

"And now who shall we invite? Who I like? Now, you know, Caudle, that's nonsense; because I only like whom you like. I suppose the Prettyman's must come! But understand, Caudle, I don't have Miss Prettyman; I'm not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof! if she comes, I don't appear at the table. What do you say? Very well! Very well be it, then."

"And now, Caudle, you'll not forget the venison! In the City, my dear! You'll not forget the venison? A haunch you know; a nice haunch. And you'll not forget the venison!—"

"Three times did I fall off to sleep," says Caudle, "and three times did my wife nudge me with her elbow, exclaiming,—'You'll not forget the venison!' At last I got into a sound slumber, and dreamt I was a pot of currant-jelly."

"BROTHER" CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO A MASONIC CHARITABLE DINNER MRS. CAUDLE HAS HIDDEN THE "BROTHERS" CHEQUE-BOOK.

But all I say is this: I only wish I'd been born a man. What do you say? You wish I had? Mr. Caudle, I'd not lie quiet in my own bed to be insulted. Oh, yes, you did mean to insult me. I know what you mean. You mean, if I had been born a man, you'd never have married me. That's a pretty sentiment, I think; and after the wife I've been to you. And now I suppose you'll be going to public dinners every day! It's no use your telling me you've only been to one before; that's nothing to do with it—nothing at all. Of course you'll be out every night now. I knew what it would come to when you were made a mason: when you were once made a 'brother,' as you call yourself, I knew where the husband and father would be;—I'm sure, Caudle, and though I'm your own wife, I grieve to say it—I'm sure you haven't so much heart, that you have any to spare for people out of doors. Indeed, I should like to see the man who has! No, no, Caudle; I'm by no means a selfish woman—quite the contrary; I love my fellow-creatures as a wife and mother of a family, who has only to look to her own husband and children, ought to love 'em."

"A 'brother,' indeed! What would you say, if I was to go and be made a 'sister'? Why, I know very well—the house wouldn't hold you."

"Where's your watch? How should I know where your watch is? You ought to know. But to be sure, people who go to public dinners never know where anything is when they come home. You've lost it, no doubt; and 'twill serve you quite right if you have. If it should be gone—and nothing more likely—I wonder if any of your 'brothers' will give you another! Catch 'em doing it."

"You must find your watch? And you'll get up for it? Nonsense—don't be foolish—lie still. Your watch is on the mantel-piece. Ha! isn't it a good thing for you, you've somebody to take care of it?"

"What do you say? I'm a dear creature? Very dear, indeed, you think me, I dare say. But the fact is you don't know what you're talking about to-night. I'm a fool to open my lips to you—but I can't help it."

"Where's your watch? Haven't I told you—on the mantel-piece! All right, indeed! Pretty conduct you men call all right. There now, hold your tongue, Mr. Caudle, and go to sleep: I'm sure 'tis the best thing you can do to night. You'll be able to listen to reason to-morrow morning; now, it's thrown away upon you."

"Where's your cheque book? Never mind your cheque-book. I took care of that. What business had I to take it out of your pocket? Every business. No, no. If you choose to go to public dinners, why—as I'm only your wife—



I can't help it. But I know what fools men are made of there; and if I know it, you never take your cheque-book again with you. What! Didn't I see your name down last year for ten pounds! 'Job Caudle, Esq., 101.' It looked very well in the newspapers, of course; and you thought yourself a somebody, when they knocked the tavern tables; but I only wish I had been there—yes, I only wish I'd been in the gallery. If I wouldn't have told a piece of my mind, I'm not alive. Ten pounds, indeed! And the world thinks you a very fine person for it. I only wish I could bring the world here, and show 'em what's wanted at home. I think the world would alter their mind then; yes—a little.

"What do you say? *A wife has no right to pick her husband's pocket?* A pretty husband you are, to talk in that way. Never mind; you can't prosecute her for it—or I've no doubt you would; none at all. Some men would do anything. What? *You're a bit of a head-ache?* I hope you have—and a good bit, too. You've been to the right place for it. No—I won't hold my tongue. It's all very well for you men to go to taverns—and talk—and toast—and burra—and—I wonder you're not all ashamed of yourselves to drink the Queen's health with all the honours, I believe, you call it—yes, pretty honours you pay to the sex—I say, I wonder you're not ashamed to drink that blessed creature's health, when you've only to think how you use your own wives at home. But the hypocrites that the men are—oh!

"Where's your watch? Haven't I told you? It's under your pillow—there, you needn't be feeling for it. I tell you it's under your pillow. *It's all right?* Yes; a great deal you know of what's right just now. Ha! was there ever any poor soul used as I am! *I'm a dear creature?* Pah! Mr. Caudle! I've only to say, I'm tired of your conduct—quite tired, and don't care how soon there's an end of it.

"Why did I take your cheque-book? I've told you—to save you from ruin, Mr. Caudle. *You're not going to be ruined?* Ha! you don't know anything when you're out! I know what they do at those public dinners—charities, they call 'em; pretty charities. Charity, I believe, always dines at home. I know what they do: the whole system's a trick. No: *I'm not a stony hearted creature?* and you ought to be ashamed to say so to your wife and the mother of your children,—but, you'll not make me cry to-night, I can tell you—I was going to say that—oh! you're such an aggravating man I don't know what I was going to say!

"Thank heaven? What for? I don't see that there's anything to thank heaven about! I was going to say, I know the trick of public dinners. They get a lord, or a duke, if they can catch him—anything to make people say they've dined with nobility, that's it—yes, they get one of these people with a star perhaps in his coat, to take the chair—and to talk all sorts of sugar-plum things about charity—and to make foolish men, with wine in 'em, feel that they've no end of money; and then—shutting their eyes to their wives and families at home—all the while that their own faces are red and flushed like poppies, and they think to-morrow will never come—then they get 'em to put their hand to paper. Then they make 'em pull out their cheques. But I took your book, Mr. Caudle—you couldn't do it a second time. What are you laughing at? *Nothing?* It's no matter: I shall see it in the paper to-morrow; for if you gave anything, you were too proud to hide it. I know your charity.

"Where's your watch? Haven't I told you fifty times where it is? In the pocket—over your head—of course! Can't you hear it tick! No: you can hear nothing to-night!

"And now, Mr. Caudle, I should like to know whose hat it is you've brought home? You went out with a beaver worth three and twenty shillings—I've second time you've worn it—and you bring home a thing that no Jew in his senses would give me fivepence for. I couldn't even get a pot of primroses—and you know I always turn your old hats into roots—not a pot of primroses for it. I'm certain of it now,—I've often thought it—but now I'm sure that some people dine out only to change their hats.

"Where's your watch? Caudle, you're bringing me to an early grave!"

We hope that Caudle was penitent for his conduct; indeed, there is, we think, evidence that he was so: for this is the only lecture to which he has appended no comment. The man has not the face to do it.

### INDIA.—ELPHINSTONE'S AND WILSON'S HISTORIES.

We have now an empire in India about equal to Europe, deducting Russia and Sweden, with a population approaching in number all the people of all the nations of that great area of our western continent. This stupendous territory rich in every natural beauty, fertile beyond all others, and abounding in every source of wealth, has been long connected with our interests and our honour yet so little is known of it in these countries, that the great mass of readers may be said to have no acquaintance with its history, past or present, and to feel little concern for the condition of its inhabitants. Now and again some brilliant feat of arms writes in our annals such imperishable names as Plassey or Assaye, or a ruthless massacre reads the hearts of thousands at home; saving however, such appeals to our sympathy and pride, the popular indifference is undisturbed. We hear of further conquests—vote our bold soldiers thanks—pay, with an equal mind, all expenses; but, taking no other interest in the matter, steadily decline reading or thinking about it. It is true that Indian affairs were brought before the public during the protracted trial of Warren Hastings, and that exciting speeches were made upon them by the great orators of that day; true that they were again discussed on the renewal of the East India Company's charter, in 1833, and that they are occasionally mentioned in the House of Commons; true that we have numerous works on India, which are looked into, and some histories, which are looked at; and true that there are massive parliamentary reports, with their *sequela* of evidence and returns—all, as we are persuaded, unattempted by any reader; but, notwithstanding this—notwithstanding our numerous relations with India, their recent augment, and the rapid and frequent communications by the overland and steam passage, there still exists in these countries an indifference to Indian topics which is little less than marvellous. We notice the circumstance, not because of its being striking or anomalous, but for the better reason of its practical importance. It is altogether vain to hope for any marked improvement in the social condition of the natives of India, until the people of these countries are acquainted with it, until there is such an amount of knowledge on the subject that a public opinion can be formed, and is known to exist. Something has thus been done towards the abatement of infanticide: something towards the abolition of the usage of immolating widows, the suppression of Thuggism, and the discouragement of human sacrifices. The amendments, we fear, are but partial, the evils being interlaced with their social system. Many years ago we were assured that infanticide was abolished; but information of the most authentic

character has abundantly shown that it continues in force nearly as much as ever; and there is too much reason to believe that the other repulsive features in the moral physiognomy of India will be always visible, until education and religion are brought to bear on that naturally gentle race. It is only to the force of public opinion in England that the abominations of Hindu superstition will ever yield, only to that pressure from without that the difficulties which attend the promotion of Christianity in India—the single sanitary provision for all its ills—will ever give way; and very considerable as these difficulties are, our duty is clearly seen above them—that is, to avail ourselves of every practicable effort to christianize that great country, which Providence, with an almost marvellous interposition, has given into our hands.

One amongst the multifarious causes of the indifference referred to, has probably been the long-felt want of what the public regarded as a trust-worthy and readable History of India. Without some knowledge of the history, as well as of the statistics of a country, it is not easy to take an interest in its affairs. Mill lost, by his manifest prejudices against the three great founders of our Asiatic empire, Clive, Hastings, and Wellesley, that confidence to which his work is, in other respects, entitled. His History of British India has, however, long been, like Hume's England, the standard work in its own department. Like Hume, he is, notwithstanding prejudices, a philosophical historian; but Mill's prepossessions indicate the ardent feelings of an honest mind, and in extenuation of them it may be said, that they refer to characters of his own day, that he shared opinions held by many of that time, and did not live to see the papers lately submitted to the public, which would have enabled him to correct them. Very different is the "calm philosophy" of Hume. His partialities, and more frequent antipathies, relate to periods long previous to his own, and are dishonestly adjusted to his one standard of perfection—a disregard for religion. Mill is an able, and, in many respects, an accomplished historian, very much more so than Hume. In eliminating from a chaos of oriental documents a clear narrative, he has accomplished a task, from which the indolent deist would have turned in despair; and although his style has not, what we suppose is, the all-atoning charm of Hume—his chastened eloquence, and that unimpassioned manner, which gives to rancorous calumnies all the air of well considered judgments—still the "History of British India" is forcibly written, and is, as we have intimated, perspicuous.

In Professor Wilson's bringing out a new edition of Mill, with notes and observations by himself, the public have, at once, a new testimony to the value of that work, and abundant grounds for believing that it may be now depended on. Mr. Wilson has been induced to do more—to carry on the history from the date at which Mill left off, that is 1805, to that of the latest renewal of the East India Company's charter in 1835; and few authors have ever come before the public so well accredited for the performance of a task. In his "Sanskrit Dictionary," his works on the Indian Drama, his publication on the "Vishnu Purāṇa" the "Talmud, or Golden Legend"—in his Oxford Lectures, his work on the "Sankya Philosophy," and others, Professor Wilson has done more to further and facilitate our knowledge of Indian letters, than any other man of any country whatever. To these various grounds of confidence, character, station, and acquirement, we may add the opportunities he has enjoyed of making a personal acquaintance with the people and politics of the country, by having resided in India during nearly the whole of the period to which his undertaking refers. In this interval—from 1805 to 1835—the British rulers were more concerned in consolidating, than in extending our Indian empire, and it consequently does not present passages of such popular interest, as either our earlier or later annals; but it is an important portion of our Asiatic history, and Mr. Wilson's work explains its complicated relations with the easiness and power which we might have looked for from an accomplished writer, well informed in all that concerns his subject. We trust he may add to his work the eventful story of another decade, and thus bring down the "History of British India" to the present day. We can no longer complain of the want of good works on Indian history. Besides Mr. Wilson's, there is another, which is clear, judicious, interesting, and authentic, we mean that of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone. We shall in our notice of India, often refer to these volumes of solid worth. We are also bound to mention the historical account of British India in the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, which, like all the books of that collection which we have had occasion to refer to, is admirably executed. Mr. Thornton's History of India, derives, from his connection with the East India Company, and from the circumstance of his giving their views, a peculiar value. We shall endeavour in our present paper to lay before our readers a rapid outline of the History of India, especially dwelling on such parts of it as are least known, and at the same time embody, as far as our limits permit, such notices of the usages and condition of the people as may, in some degree, tend to remedy the ignorance and indifference which we referred to in our opening observations.

Commerce, one of the main pro-movements of civilisation, appears to have first led to our knowledge of India, and to have been, at all times, the great incentive of communication with it. In the earliest reference we know of to the existence of trade—which, we may observe, seems to have been a caravan trade—we have an intimation of commerce with India. In Gen. xxxvii 25, we read, on the occasion of the sale of Joseph, of Ishmaelite merchants coming with their camels, and bearing, among other things, *spicery* down to Egypt. We have also reason to believe that the "precious cloths" mentioned in Ezekiel, (c. xxvii.) in connection with the trade of Tyre, and the brodered work, and cedar chests of rich apparel, were brought through the countries bordering on the Euphrates, from India. Tadmor, in the wilderness, was built by Solomon as a depot for Eastern trade; and a like enlightened view led to a survey of part of the coast of India, by the directions of Alexander, as well as to the foundation of Alexandria, so admirably chosen as the emporium of Asiatic and European trade. Commerce again led to the discoveries of the Portuguese, to the attempts of France, and to our own extensive acquisitions.

India was known by that appellation to the ancients, by whom the name was taken from the Persians, who are supposed to have first called the country Hindostan, from its western boundary, the Indus, which they found named by the natives the Sind, or Hind, from the blue colour of its waters. From the Persian the name passed into the Syrian, Chaldee, and Hebrew (Esther, c. i. 1, where "India" is expressly named)—into the Greek and Latin, and into the modern European languages.

We have no means of tracing the tradition which represents the Bacchus of classic mythology as the first conqueror of India, or of discovering any real grounds for the more probable story of its invasion by Semestris, although Egyptian researches may hereafter enlighten us on this point. The expedition of Semiramis, the far-famed Assyrian queen referred to by Diodorus, is the earliest invasion of India which has any faint pretensions to the character of history; but we are told little more of it, than that she reached the Indus, and was there defeated. Darius the Persian was the next who attempted the conquest of this



far off land. The brief account which Herodotus gives of this expedition, though not unmingled with fable, bears marks of truth. The wool which he describes as growing on trees, more valuable than that of sheep, and used for clothing, is plainly the cotton; and the observation that the natives live only on vegetables, is characteristic of the Hindus. The wealth of the country at that period is indicated by the circumstance, that Darius received from it more tribute than from the other provinces of his dominions. The accounts of Alexander's invasion of India, written by persons who took a part in it, afford a good deal of information on the subject of that country, and enable us to look on this celebrated expedition as our first unquestioned and clearly historic date in relation to India. All the previous expeditions, including those of Semiramis and Darius, are regarded as fabulous by Arrain chiefly on the ground that the followers of Alexander were assured by the Hindus that they were their first invaders.

Alexander set out from Artachona, the modern Herat, and reached Bactra, now Balkh: from this he marched towards the mountainous range called in classic geography the Paropamisus, running west from the Himalaya, the ancient Imaus, and crossing it by, it is supposed, the caravan route between Balkh and Candahar, proceeded eastward, and appeared on the Indus at Attock, where the river, being nearer its head, becomes narrower, and where he crossed it without difficulty. On reaching the Jelum, the Hydaspes of the Greeks, he encountered Porus, or Phoor, with well prepared, steady troops. These were, probably, Rajputs, a warlike race, from whom our Sepoys are much taken. After defeating Porus, Alexander pressed onward to the Sutlej, or Suttledge classically the Hyphasis, the last of the rivers of the Panjab. Here as is well known, a mutiny of his followers compelled him to abandon all hope of further progress, and to return to Assyria. Amidst his ambitious views, he had others of a nobler character. His contest with Tyre had, probably, enabled him to estimate the resources of a commercial nation, and with a view to trade, to take the steps we are about to mention. Determined to ascertain the course of the Indus, he had vessels built, and embarking his army, reached the mouth of the river. He then directed Nearchus, his best mariner, to survey the shores of this new-found sea, and afterwards to join him at the mouth of the Euphrates. Nearchus having partially, and indeed, to a considerable extent, accomplished this task, Alexander conceived that he had now discovered a maritime communication with India, and returned through Beloochistan to Babylon.

The narratives of this expedition are to us its most important results, and they concur in representing the characteristics of the people, their manners, and even their costume, as similar to what they now are. The great peculiarity of the Hindu system, the division into castes, is described, and the castes named. Their number is greater than at the present day; but Mr. Elphinstone, we find, says that the Greeks subdivided two of the castes, and that, with this exception, their castes are the same as those mentioned in the laws of Menu. They describe the Bramins (Brachmanes) with their ascetic observances; and Nearchus even explains their division into religious and secular. The early marriages of the females; the circumstance that the people live only on vegetables; the worship of the Ganges; the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their husbands; the brilliancy of their dyes; their skill in manufactures; their mode of catching and training elephants; their kinds of grain, and manner of farming, are all as we now find them; and even their arms, with the exception of fire-arms, are the same as at present. The peculiar Indian bow which Mr. Elphinstone says is now only used in the mountainous districts, which is drawn with the assistance of the feet, and which shoots an arrow six feet long, is minutely described, as are the long swords and iron spears, their powerful bits, and their admirable management of their horses. This is altogether a striking testimony to the antiquity of the Hindus, as well as to the general permanence of oriental habits.

On the departure of Alexander, he left a detachment in Bactria, which province fell to the lot of Seleucus, who, on the death of Alexander, was made king of Syria. Bactria became, subsequently, an independent kingdom, and continued long in the hands of the Seleucids, the descendants of Seleucus. The history of this Greco-Indian kingdom is but little known. It is believed, or rather guessed at, to have been founded in the year 256 B. C., and to have been crushed by a Scythian irruption about the year 125 B. C. At Beghrum, twenty-five miles north-east of Cabul, Mr. Masson explored the remains of a large town, which he conceives to be the Bactrian Alexandria. Professor Wilson, in his account of the Bactrian coins, has attempted an arrangement of the Greek kings. The workmanship of the coins is Greek; the inscriptions either singly Greek, or one in Greek, and one in an unknown barbarian character. They have often an elephant, or a bull with a hump, animals indicative of Indian dominion. These antiquarian researches are too interesting to be wholly unnoticed; but we pass on, and, omitting other tempting topics, pursue our rapid history.

Commerce was, as we have intimated, the great means of connecting India with the west. A maritime communication was, it is said, made by Scylax under the direction of Darius. This rests but on tradition. It is certain that Nearchus went no farther than the Persian Gulf, and that the navigation round the peninsula of Arabia was regarded as a discovery in the reign of one of the Ptolemies, about the year 130 B. C. Rome, then in the zenith of her greatness, was the great consumer of India products. On the decline of the Roman, and the rise of the Mahometan power, the direct communication with India was interrupted, and the trade was carried on by inland caravans, or by Arabian navigators, who were met by the Genoese and Venetian merchants on the shores of the Mediterranean and Black seas. It was not till the crusades had led us again to a connection with the east, that these nations themselves engaged in a direct intercourse with India. The main step towards advancing our acquaintance with the east, was made by the Portuguese, whose successes supply some of the most brilliant chapters in the history of geographical discovery. The small, remote, poor, and almost barren kingdom of Portugal became, by the enterprise of her monarchs, one of the most important of the European powers. Their expulsion of the Moors and pursuit of them into Africa, led them to an intercourse with the shores of Barbary, and subsequently to explore the western coasts of Africa. Henry, a younger son of John I. of Portugal, and who was married to a sister of our Henry IV., fixed his residence near Cape St. Vincent, and with the ocean before him, devoted himself to the encouragement of geographical and nautical pursuits. A single vessel fitted out by him discovered Madeira. A few years after Cape Bojador was passed, and the ivory shores and palm-clad banks of the Senegal and Gambia were revealed. In 1463, Prince Henry died, but the impulse he had given had raised the fortunes of his country, and led, not long afterwards, to what was the great object of the Portuguese, the discovery of the southern boundary of Africa. In 1486, Bartholomew Diaz, who had the command of an exploring squadron, was driven far south by storm, and had unconsciously passed the Cape. In returning he first saw that mighty promontory, but in so bad a season that he named

it the Cape of Storms. On his reaching home, the king of Portugal gave it the more encouraging appellation of the Cape of Good Hope. But the foul weather they had experienced there had inspired the crews of Diaz with such alarm, that no further attempt was made in that direction until 1497, when Vasco da Gama passed the Cape in calm weather, and seeing it all fair and clad in sunshine for ever dispelled the fears which the first accounts of it had inspired. We can but refer to the acquisitions of the Portuguese in India and in the eastern seas, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. At the close of the latter period, the Dutch, perceiving that the Portuguese had become more intent on conquest than on trade, and had in many respects offended the people, and especially by compelling what they called conversions, availed themselves of their errors to form a party in the country and supplant them. Trained to war by a long resistance to the tyranny of Philip II. and already a naval people, the Dutch were well prepared for their object. They had for some time directed their attention to the India trade, and had sought in three successive expeditions a north eastern passage to India. Failing in this, they pursued the Portuguese track by the Cape, and soon became their rivals, wrested from them the Spice Islands, formed settlements in Java and Ceylon, assailed the Portuguese in Malabar, and established factories of their own on the Coromandel coast. The Dutch, however, whose views were wisely confined to commerce, made no important efforts on the continent of India, and the Portuguese with waning prosperity and diminished trade, found themselves there confronted by a new and more formidable power—that of England.

Before adverting to the progress of our eastern dominions, we must turn to another phase of Asiatic history, that of the Hindus themselves. Of the three periods of India history, the Hindú, the Mohometan, and the European, we have but partially noticed the last, which, as we have seen, dates in truth from the expedition of Alexander. We must as rapidly glance at the other two. The present population of India consists mainly of two races, the Hindú and the Mahometan. The latter never formed more than a seventh of the whole, and are now much less. Some acquaintance with their history, and with the character and usages of, at least, the former, are needful to a clear conception of the political as well as of the social relations of India.

The Hindús, throughout the many nations of India, are manifestly one people; and the first thing that strikes us, in regard to them, is their antiquity. They are referred to by Herodotus the earliest of uninspired historians, in much the same manner as he speaks of the pyramids, as existing, without explaining their origin. They are afterwards, as we have seen, minutely described by the followers of Alexander, and almost identically as they are to be found at present. Their annals partaking more of the character of fable than of truth, afford us no means of tracing their first rise, which, in the absence of history, we can but guess at from physical characteristics, the analogies of language, aided, possibly, by their architectural remains. In reference to the last we may observe that some Indian remains are strikingly like the Nubian antiquities figured in Gau's work. But such resemblances suggest inquiries which we are not qualified to pursue. The caves of Elephanta and Ellora are represented as nearly identical in character with the temple of Pusa, near Chas-chou-fou, in China, mentioned in Barrow and visited by Lord Macartney. The ruins in Yucatan, have, in many particulars, an Egyptian character. Pyramids in Mexico resemble those of Egypt, and the palace of Montezuma, is described as very like that of the Emperor of China.

Although the Hindús have no records deserving the name of history, we are not without the means of estimating their polity, civilisation, and national character. Laws, literature, and religion, aid us on such subjects, and on all of them we have well known works of Hindú antiquity. The Vedas, a body of ancient hymns and prayers, supposed to have been collected in their present form, about the fourteenth century before the Christian era, throw much light on their attainments in philosophy, and even in science. The doctrine of these works is Theism, and they were supplanted in popular influence by the Puranas, which inculcate Polytheism and idolatry. These last, composed of eighteen works, by different authors, and of dates varying from the eighth to the sixteenth century, are now regarded as the scripture of the Hindús. They have accounts of creation, philosophical speculations, religious ceremonies, fragments of history, and legends of God, heroes, and sages. The most perfect picture of the Hindús is, however, afforded by the laws of Menu, drawn up, as is supposed, about the ninth century before the Christian era. This, which appears to be the greatest key to their history, is not the work of one period. "Codes," as Mr. Elphinstone remarks, "are never the work of a single age; some of the earliest and rudest laws being preserved and incorporated with those of more enlightened times." The statutes relating to witchcraft and the wager of battle, the evidences of a barbarous age, are met with in Blackstone, together with those which show a high degree of refinement. Of Menu, the compiler of this work, nothing is known; but its remote antiquity is gathered as well from its antiquated style as from some differences which it exhibits between the state of manners at that period and that existing from the time of Alexander to the present day. Thus, no mention is made by Menu of the self-immolation of widows, and Bramins are, by that code, permitted to eat meat, and to intermarry with women of inferior castes. The religion of the code, also, is the theism of the Vedas, not the polytheistic idolatry of a later period. The most remarkable feature of Hindú society is the division into castes. Sir William Jones, in his translation of Menu, adopts the word "class." The term "caste," now universally used, is not Indian, but taken from the Portuguese "casta," a breed. The community is divided by Menu into four castes; the sacerdotal, the military, the industrious, and the servile. The first three, though not equal, partake of certain rites. The fourth, and the outcasts, are only considered as contributing to the welfare of the others. These castes are named the Bramins, the Chahatriyas, the Vaisyas, and the Sudras. The first, as their sacred books pretend, issued from the mouth of Brahma; the second, from his arm; the third, from his thigh; and the last are recorded with contempt, as deriving their origin from his foot. Absurd as such a legend may appear, it is regarded by the Hindús with reverential faith; and although since the remote period of Menu, alterations have been made in the arrangements and employments of the classes, yet his system is the foundation of that still subsisting; and the separation of society into long settled hereditary orders, is a principle rooted in the Hindu mind, hallowed by time, sanctioned by religion, and as yet unaffected by European intercourse, or advancing knowledge. Christianity, alone, is likely to subvert this system, and remove, perhaps, at no distant day, this as well as other barriers to the real welfare of the people. Nothing is more strange than that, throughout all the kingdoms of what we may call the vast continent of India, this peculiar mode of subdividing society should be found existing at the remotest period to which tradition reaches, and should continue still; and no circumstance connected with them so clearly establishes the antiquity of their civilisation. Although the origin of such a state of things can be but guessed at, yet the views of so learned and judicious a writer as



Mr. Elphinstone, one so well acquainted with the country, and its institutions, are well worth transcribing:—

"Assuming that they (the Hindûs) were a conquering tribe, we may suppose the progress of their society to have been something like the following: that the richer and more warlike members continued to confine themselves to the profession of arms; that the less eminent betook themselves to agriculture, arts, and commerce; that the priests were, at first, individuals who took advantage of the superstition of their neighbours, and who may have transmitted their art and office to their sons, but did not form a separate class—that the separation of the classes by refusing to intermarry, originated in the pride of the military body, and was imitated by the priests. That the conquered people were always a class apart, at first cultivating the ground for the conquerors, and afterwards converted by the interest and convenience of their masters into free tenants. That the government was in the hands of the military leaders, and probably exercised by one chief. That the chief availed himself of the aid of the priests in planning laws, and obtaining a religious sanction to them. That the priests, as they rose into consequence, began to combine and act in concert—that they invented the genealogy of castes and other fables to support the existing institutions, and to introduce such alterations as they thought desirable; that while they raised the power of the chief to the highest pitch, they secured as much influence to their own order as could be got without creating jealousy or destroying the ascendancy they derived from the public opinion of their austerity and virtue. That the first code framed was principally a record of existing usages, and may have been compiled by a private person and adopted for convenience; or may have been drawn up by Bramins of influence, and passed off as an ancient revelation from the Divinity. That as changes arose in the progress of society, or in the policy of the rulers, alterations were made in the law, and new codes formed incorporating the old ones; but that, at length, the text of the code became fixed, all subsequent changes were introduced in the form of glosses on the original, or of new laws promulgated by the royal authority. To all appearance, the present code was not compiled until long after the community had passed the earliest stages of civilization."—*Elphinstone's History of India.*

"A Bramin," says Mr. Elphinstone, "is the first of all created beings; he is looked upon as having supernatural power—is vested with more respect than a king. His life and person are protected by the severest laws in this world, and tremendous denunciations, in the next; and while all offences against him are punished with the utmost severity, he is exempt from penalty of any crime." Yet the supremacy of the Bramin is not enviable: his life is devoted to seclusion, study, and, for a great part of it, to more than monastic austerities. The following is its four-fold division, according to the institutes of Menu:—

"The first quarter of a Bramin's life he must spend as a student; during which time he leads a life of abstinence and humiliation. His attention should be unremittently directed to the Védas, and should on no account be wasted on worldly studies. He should treat his preceptor with implicit obedience, and with humble respect and attachment, which ought to be extended to his family. He must perform various servile offices for his preceptor, and must labour for himself in bringing logs and other materials for sacrifice, and water for oblation. He must subsist entirely by begging from door to door.

"For the second quarter of his life he lives with his wife and family, and discharges the ordinary duties of a Bramin. These are briefly stated to be reading and teaching the Védas; sacrificing, and assisting others to sacrifice; bestowing alms and accepting gifts."

"The most honourable of these employments is teaching. It is remarkable that, unlike other religions where the dignity of the priesthood is derived from their service at the temples, a Bramin is considered as degraded by performing acts of worship, or assisting at sacrifices as a profession. All Bramins are strongly and repeatedly prohibited from receiving gifts from low born, wicked, or unworthy persons. They are not even to take many presents from unexceptionable givers, and are carefully to avoid making it a habit to accept of unnecessary presents. When the regular sources fail, a Bramin may, for a mere subsistence, glean, or beg, or cultivate, or even (in case of extreme necessity) he may trade; but he must in no extremity enter into service; he must not have recourse to popular conversation, must abstain from music, singing, dancing, gaming, and generally from every thing inconsistent with gravity and composure. He should, indeed, refrain from all sensual enjoyments, should avoid all wealth that may impede his reading the Védas, and should shun all worldly honour as he would poison. Yet he is not to subject himself to facts, or other needless severities. All that is required is, that his life should be decorous, and occupied in the prescribed studies and observances. Even his dress is laid down with minuteness; and he may easily be figured (much as learned Bramins are still) quiet and demure, clean and decent, his hair and beard clipped, his passions subdued, his mantle white, and his body pure, with a staff and a copy of the Védas in his hands, and bright golden rings in his ears." When he has paid the three debts, by reading the Scriptures, begetting a son, and performing the regular sacrifice, he may (even in the second portion of his life) make over all to his son, and remain in his family house, with no employment but that of an umpire.

"The third portion of a Bramin's life he must spend as an anchorite in the woods. Clad in bark, or in the skin of a black antelope, with his hair and nails uncut, sleeping on the bare earth, he must live without a fire, without a mansion, wholly silent, feeding on roots and fruit." He must also submit to many and harsh mortifications, expose himself naked to the heaviest rains, wear humid garments in winter, and in the summer, stand in the middle of five fires, under the burning sun. He must carefully perform all sacrifices and oblations, and consider it his special duty to fulfil the prescribed forms and ceremonies of religion.

"In the last period of his life the Bramin is nearly as solitary and abstracted as during the third. But he is now released from all form and external observances: his business is contemplation—his mortifications cease. His dress now nearly resembles that of ordinary Bramins, and his abstinence, though still great, is not so rigid as before. He is no longer to invite suffering, but is to cultivate equanimity, and to enjoy delight in meditation on the divinity; till at last he quits the body, as a bird leaveth the branch of a tree at its pleasure."—*Elphinstone's India.*

It is interesting to compare the present condition of this influential body, with the representation of them just given from the institutes of Menu. That a sacerdotal aristocracy, at liberty to marry, and sure of support, should have become most numerous, is what we should have expected. They have also been successful in excluding the other classes from access to the Védas, and in confining all learning, secular and theological, to their own body. They have preserved their lineage undisputed; but though in some few particulars they are more strict than formerly—as in denying themselves the use of animal food—

yet, in most respects, their observance are relaxed. They no longer, as a body, regard the fourfold division of life, as mentioned above, although individuals of them practise part of such austerities. They are to be found in all trades and professions, even as husbandmen and soldiers, and more especially in such occupations as are connected with writing and public business. From the minister of state to the village accountant, the greater number of situations of the sort are, as Mr. Elphinstone tells us, in their hands. Professor Wilson says, however, that, at least in provinces of the Ganges, their influence as a hierarchy has most sensibly diminished, and that they have been supplanted by Gosayens, and other monastic orders. Mr. Elphinstone assures us that the ministry of temples, and the conduct of religious ceremonies remains in their hands—that in some parts of India their spiritual authority is undiminished—undoubtedly so in the Maratta country, and in the west of Hindostan, and that even in Bengal they are still the objects of veneration, and of profuse liberality; but he admits that all over India they have lost much of their popularity.

It is in the division and employment of the classes that the chief alterations have been made since the time of Menu. The Bramins say that the second and third classes are extinct, but the Rajputs claim to be the Cshatriya, or military class, and some of the industrious orders say they represent the Veisyas. The other class of Menu is now replaced by a great number of castes of obscure descent, who maintain their divisions strictly, neither intermarrying, eating together, nor partaking in rites with others. Mr. Elphinstone says, for example, that in the neighbourhood of Puna, where they are not particularly numerous, there are about 150 different castes. These, in many cases, coincide with trades. The goldsmiths forming one, the carpenters another cast. As there are castes for trades, so they have castes for other occupations, as, for instance, for thieves, and the profession being there hereditary, we submit to zoologists the psychological fact, that nowhere are thieves so skilful as in India. "Travellers," says Mr. Elphinstone, "are full of stories of the patience, perseverance, and address, with which they will steal, unperceived, through the midst of guards, and carry off their prize in the most dangerous situations. Some dig holes in the earth, and come up within the wall of a well-closed house; others, by whatever way they enter, always open a door or two to secure a retreat, and proceed to plunder, naked, smeared with oil, and armed with a dagger; so it is as dangerous to seize them as it is difficult to hold." One large class called "Thugs," or, as Mr. Elphinstone names them, "Thags," constantly roam about the country, assuming disguises, in which art they are perfect masters.

"Their practice is to insinuate themselves into the society of travellers, whom they hear to be possessed of property, and to accompany them until they have an opportunity of administering a stupefying drug, or of throwing a noose over the neck of their unsuspecting companion. He is then murdered, without blood being shed, and buried so skilfully that a long time elapses before his fate is suspected. The Thags invoke Bhawane, and vow a portion of their spoil to her. This mixture of religion and crime might, of itself, be mentioned as a peculiarity; but it is paralleled by the vows of pirates and banditti to the Madonna; and in the case of Mussulman, who form the largest portion of the Thags, it is like the compacts with the devil, which were believed in days of superstition."—*Elphinstone's India.*

The Decoits are, like the Thags, remarkable for their cruelty. They are gangs associated for plundering, who assemble by night, fall on an unsuspecting village, kill all who offer resistance, torture such as are supposed to have wealth concealed, and are, next morning, mingled with the population, where, such is the dread they inspire, that few are found to come forward and accuse them. The Decoits have, we believe, almost disappeared, under the efforts of the British government, which has also been very successful in punishing and restraining the enormities of the Thags. But, if there are evil casts, there are others whose hereditary objects is to do good. The Bhats and Charans, of western India, who are revered as bards, conduct caravans, which they protect from plunder; carry large sums in bullion through tracts where no escort could secure protection, and are guarantees of agreement of chiefs with one another, and even with the government.

"Their powers," says Mr. Elphinstone, "is derived from the sanctity of their character, and their desperate resolution. If a man, carrying treasure, is approached, he announces that he will commit traga, as it is called; or, if an engagement is not complied with, he issues the same threat unless it is fulfilled. If he is not attended to he proceeds to gash his limbs with a dagger, which, if all other means fail, he will plunge into his heart; or he will first strike off the head of his child; or different guarantees to the agreement will cast lots who is to be the first beheaded by his companions. The disgrace of these proceedings, and the fear of having a bard's blood on their head, generally reduces the most obstinate to reason. Their fidelity is exemplary, and they never hesitate to sacrifice their lives to keep up an ascendancy on which the importance of their cast depends."—[Remainder next week.]

## THE ALTERED MAN.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

Tom Sparshott was a handsome young fellow of four-and-twenty. The favorite of nature and fortune, he possessed a house and grounds, with an income of some thousands a-year, a good figure and regular features. He had a fine ruddy complexion, the result of health and exercise; short black curly hair, dark hazel eyes, an aquiline nose, and a fine set of teeth.

Tom was a good shot, and an excellent rider. In all sports, terrestrial and aquatic, he was a proficient. At quoits—at skittles—few could come near him; and we are confident there was never a better oar in the Leander Club. Had he been an ancient Greek instead of a young Englishman, he would have carried off every prize at the Olympic Games; as it was, he had won cups without number,—at trotting matches, pigeon and sparrow shooting, steeple-chases, and similar contests.

Tom Sparshott was a bachelor. Yes—it was his boast. He was a bachelor—and a bachelor he declared he would remain. He would never be tied up—not he! And certainly he adopted the most useful plan to enable him to maintain that resolution; for he never, if he could help it, went into the society of the fair. Not that he had no eye for female beauty—far otherwise. When, in the course of a ride, he alighted to take a draught of beer, he could behave with great gallantry to the pretty barmaid. But in a drawing-room he had nothing to say, in a ball-room nothing to do—his one sole deficiency in agile accomplishments being dancing. He could not stand the *badinage* of beauty, and yet he was a match for any man at bandying gibes with an ostler. The heart that shrunk not at a spiked fence, quailed before the gaze of a fine lady. Oh—hang it! he couldn't understand her nonsense. That was what he said.

After a good day's hunt as the county—Berkshire—had ever seen, a lot of the most capital fellows in that county dined at Tom Sparshott's,



They sat down, rough and ready, in their boots and knee-shorts, and coats of red and green—Tom, at the head of his table, which was laid in the drawing-room, doing the honors. Tom's was the sort of drawing-room for him! No gimcracks or filligrees; no pianos or ottomans lying in the way. The walls were hung with plates of setters and pointers in action, and facsimiles of horses standing bolt upright, with publicans or horse-dealers pointing out their perfections, and gentlemen with their hands in their pockets looking on. On a side-board, under a glass case, stood a silver jockey mounted—a prize that Tom had successfully ridden for.

The lads were all of Tom's age, except a hale old boy who sat on his right hand. This was a thorough-going old English 'Squire; and it was pleasing to behold him sanctioning with his countenance and example the peculiar conversation and demeanor of sporting youth. At parting, the old 'Squire, whose seat was in the vicinity, whispered an invitation to Tom to come and dine with him the next day.

Accordingly, on the day following, Tom Sparshott, with a feeling of inward satisfaction and a keen appetite, both arising from what he called a good morning's work, namely, the beating of much cover, and the bagging of a great deal of game, duly presented himself at Nagely Hall, the mansion of Corduroy Toppes, Esq. He had dressed for dinner in a coat something like a Quaker's, except that it was light-green, had a collar, and was graced with steel buttons; in a remarkably long waistcoat of a light-buff material striped with lilac; and in trousers of drab, to which were added gaiters, and the sort of shoes called Oxonians. This costume was completed by a silk neckcloth, of a hue resembling the sky, only that it was diversified with round white spots. This was Mr. Sparshott's usual dinner dress—though it is due to him to say that he would not have put it on had he expected to meet ladies; and therefore, when he found himself at Mr. Toppes'—in a party where there were half-a-dozen of them—attired as above, whilst everybody but himself was, to use his own phrase, "full fig," he felt considerably disconcerted.

"Never mind, my boy!" said the 'Squire, as Tom stammered an excuse for his habiliments. "You couldn't have expected to meet petticoats at an old bachelor's. But, you see, I've got my niece Bessy down from town, and I wanted a few girls to meet her. Bessy, lass, come here. This is my young friend, Tom Sparshott. Tom—my sister's daughter, Miss Denham."

The damsel to whom the blushing Tom now scraped the carpet, was a pretty and very elegant girl, apparently about two or three-and-twenty. On her introduction to Tom, she bestowed on him an agreeable smile, and looked affability at him from a pair of fine blue eyes; so that he was emboldened to say, "How d'ye do?" adding not exactly "Miss," nor yet "Ma'am," but an indistinct something which might have been understood for either. Tom, in imitation of the other gentlemen present, offered his arm to the lady next him—that is to say, to Miss Denham, and by consequence was placed by her side at table, the head of which was occupied by an ancient female relative, who was also the housekeeper of Mr. Corduroy Toppes.

Under circumstances such as the present, it was customary with Mr. Sparshott not to open his mouth, except for the purpose of putting something into it, any more than he could help. Accordingly he sat and held his tongue, notwithstanding many temptations to the contrary which were furnished by his fair neighbour in observations addressed to a lady opposite on the pleasures of a country life. Yet he was very nearly joining in once, when she exclaimed with enthusiasm that she should like a good gallop over the downs. And the probability is that he would have remained silent till the ladies had, as he mentally phrased it, bolted, had not one of them, a married dame, before mentioned as sitting opposite, begun to rally him on his taciturnity.

"Miss Denham," said she, "I am sure Mr. Sparshott is in love." "Ah! Am I?" said Tom, helping himself to a potatoe. "Oh!" exclaimed the young lady; "Mr. Sparshott is too sensible for that." "I should think I was," observed the young sportsman. "But don't you sometimes feel," pursued the elder lady, "that you would want a companion?" "I've plenty of companions—jolly dogs," answered Tom. "A nice dog," remarked Miss Denham, "is really quite a companion." "Do you like dogs?" Mr. Sparshott could not help asking. "Oh yes!" she replied. "What sort of dogs?"

"Oh!—those dear little spaniels—or, stop—what are those fine large fellows, with black curly hair, that carry sticks, and go into the water?" "Newfoundlands?" suggested Tom.

"Yes; those are what I mean. I think they are such faithful, attached creatures!"

"Make capital retrievers," he observed.

"Do they?" said she, as if she understood what he meant.

"I believe you," said Mr. Tom Sparshott. "Do you like setters?"

"Yes."

"Pointers?"

"Oh! very much—the dear pets! I should keep quite a pack of all sorts if I lived in the country, and have a place on purpose for them, and a man to take care of them, and all."

This speech so highly raised Mr. Sparshott's new acquaintance in his estimation, that he really considered her worth talking to, and he proceeded to edify her with a description of his canine establishment, recounting, in detail, all the pointers, setters, spaniels, terriers, and other dogs of which it consisted, with their several sizes, conformations, colours, and characteristics intellectual and moral. From time to time she interrupted him with questions and remarks, which he really thought very acute. Dogs led to guns and shooting, with all their ramifications of patent breeches, double-barrels, and copper-caps, and cartridges; and next came horses, entailing an elucidation of the turf, and a very extensive exposition of veterinary surgery. In the mean time Tom had become so much at home with his fair listener, that he more than once asked her to take wine, handed her plate, helped her to different things, and really behaved as the gallant reader would do, if similarly seated at a dinner-party. Occasionally, by accident, she dropped her handkerchief, and he actually picked it up for her. Indeed, they soon became on such terms of familiarity, that at dessert she unaffectedly told him, like a good fellow, to peel her an orange, and, when he had done so, gave him half of it.

When the ladies retired, Tom looked after her over his shoulder as far as the door, and, as she disappeared, gravely nodded his head,—an involuntary gesture,—the external sign of a conviction that she was "one of the right sort." Mr. Sparshott, it is true, admired her principally for her mind, such as he conceived it to be; but her graceful figure, bright eyes, chesnut curls, and nice features, were "points" which had no little influence on his opinion of her.

Bessy made a stay of some months at the 'Squire's, and Tom, during that

period, had frequent opportunities of seeing her. Their intimacy went on increasing, till at length, when he called in of an evening, it was a common thing with her to mix his brandy and water for him, and to light and hand him his cigar. He now began to go to parties where he thought there was a chance of meeting her, and at these he would sit in a corner of the room, where she came every now and then to talk to him, or to bring him a book, of the sort that he liked, to read during the quadrilles. Then she worked a cigar-case for him, and once she mended his shot belt. Things having come to this, it will not appear strange that the relation between the parties became ultimately decidedly interesting. Yes; such was the fact. The sportsman was winged, to say no more, at last.

Her visit being ended, Miss Denham returned to town. A melancholy, perceived, and of course derided, by all his friends, now seized on Tom. He was sometimes seen dawdling about in the fields—without his gun; he would wander by the river-side with no fishing-rod; nay, he would even roam among the woodland solitudes by moonlight, when, not being a poacher, of course he could have no intent to destroy game, but where, by mistake, he was once actually collared by his own gamekeeper.

After having gone on in this way for some weeks, he all at once mysteriously disappeared. What had become of him was a secret; but, as Mr. Corduroy Toppes, when questioned on the subject, smiled and winked his eye, it was presumed to be known to that gentleman. The fact was that Tom had gone to London. He could struggle with his feelings no longer; and he went to throw himself at the feet of Bessy, and offer her his hand, his heart, and worldly estate, real and personal. Handsome, young, moneyed, of course he was accepted at once.

In process of time Tom returned into the country. His friend Wilkins went to call on him. Wilkins was shown into the drawing-room—how changed was that drawing-room. The plates of horses and grooms had quitted the walls, which had been newly papered, and adorned with sentimental pictures; delicate rose curtains furnished the windows, in which stood costly exotics; where fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, and boot-jacks were formerly standing or lying about stood china vases, of no matter of use whatever; on a new rosewood table in the centre of the room lay elegantly bound volumes, all red, and green, and gold, and a large illuminated album. A grand piano occupied nearly one side of the wall. The air, once redolent of the mild havannah, now breathed eau-de-cologne, and rose-water. By a sofa, on which reclined a fashionably-dressed lady, sat an interesting young man, in a costume strongly resembling Prince Albert's—as it appears on the backs of the music-books. He appeared to have been reading the last new novel, which he was holding in his hand, to the lady. On Wilkins's entrance he rose, and gracefully begged to introduce Mrs. Sparshott to him. Could it be possible?—yes, it was Tom Sparshott!

Wilkins could scarcely believe his eyes,—he said he started as if he had been thunderstruck; but there were the same features, though composed; the familiar voice, but subdued and silvery. It was his old friend Tom—and Wilkins was going to slap him on the back; but a deprecatory gesture prevented him. Mr. Sparshott desired him to take a seat; and he sat on a chair of white and gold with a cushion of crimson. They entered into conversation, which Tom himself turned from his once favorite subjects to Almack's and the Opera; to the confusion and discomfort of poor Wilkins, who did not know one from the other. Then Mr. Sparshott rang for refreshment. It came—in the shape of sweet biscuits and some foreign wine. Where was the baked ham?—where the beer?—and ah! where the vessel of pewter to hold it, which would once have stood on that tray? this was too much for Wilkins; and he boldly said he should like some malt liquor, which was sent for; but not till Tom had looked inquiringly at his lady. And it was brought in a porcelain mug.

Mr. Sparshott took Wilkins over his grounds to show him the improvements he had made. These included the alteration of his stables to make room for a larger coach-house; and the demolition of his kennel, on whose site there was in course of erection a conservatory. Tom asked his friend to stop and dine with him. They took a small quantity of claret after the meal; and then went up to tea—actually to tea! After which, Mrs. Sparshott sat down to the piano, and sang some Italian airs, whilst Tom stood and turned over the leaves for her. Again, at times, Wilkins almost disbelieved his senses, when they told him that that correct young man in black, with his white waistcoat and neckcloth, was Tom Sparshott. Smoking was clearly out of the question; and he accordingly took leave at an early hour, with a load on his spirits that made him feel quite melancholy. The evening had been so "slow!"

He said that Tom, on inquiry, expressed himself happy, but in a tone rather of resignation than of gladness; and that his face wore that pensive expression which we often observe in reformed characters.

Once again he saw Tom, accompanied by his lady, passing by a skittle-ground. He stopped and looked wistfully over the palings; but a slight though sudden pull at the elbow seemed to tear him from the spot. He looked back, however, over his shoulder, and Wilkins thinks he must have seen him (Wilkins) making a grimace at him.

Such was the end that this fine fellow came to! He gave up his shooting; Mrs. Sparshott insisted on it. She would not let him stop out all day, and come home and go to sleep in the evening. He discontinued his hunting; she would not allow him to risk his neck. He no longer had his jolly parties; she could not endure a set of rude, riotous bears. His dogs he got rid of; she thought them disagreeable. He kept, indeed, a pair of horses, and a handsome carriage—for that she approved of, but she would not allow him to drive. She would rather that he would sit with her. And she made him go to church and take a book with him, and find out the lessons for her, and attend to the service.

What was he to do? Destitute of any other resource, he was obliged to betake himself to books and study; and thus the jolly Tom Sparshott of other days, became, in the eyes of all the rollicking young blades in the neighborhood, converted from a "brick" into a "spoon."

Alas, poor Sparshott! Alas, poor Snorkey! Beware, young sportsmen, beware of beauty! or one of these days you may be bagged like him.

*Wit of the House of Lords.*—When Brougham the other night attacked the Duke of Newcastle for interrupting the Duke of Wellington in his speech on the Maynooth Bill, Lord Lyndhurst tugged Brougham familiarly by the skirt of the coat, observing, "Newcastle is warm; he is flaring up; don't add fuel to the fire."—"I can't help it," replied Brougham.—"My dear fellow," continued Lyndhurst, "adding fuel to the fire is in this case literally taking coals to Newcastle." The joke was too powerful for Brougham to resist; so he laughed, and sat down.



## HER MAJESTY'S STATE BALL.

The queen gave a *bal costume* on Friday evening, at Buckingham Palace, at which all the guests appeared in the costume of the period between 1740 and 1750. The company numbered about 1,200, and included the diplomatic corps and the principal foreigners of distinction at present in the metropolis, all of whom adopted the foreign costumes of that date, appearing in the uniform of their respective nations. The nobility and gentry present, in numerous cases, adopted the costumes of members of their families living at that period, the dresses being copied from family portraits with the greatest exactness. This magnificent *fete* has brought the costume of the period so much under public notice, as to render a precise description of it unnecessary. Every possible variety of colour, texture, and material, and the greatest magnificence of embroidery, and jewelled decoration consistent with propriety, were brought to bear on this quaint and antiquated costume, and the result was a harmony and unity of effect perfectly surprising. Most of the gentlemen appeared in velvet coats, crimson, black, or blue, most richly embroidered with gold or silver, or trimmed with gold lace; powdered wigs were universal, and the style of *coiffure* was so complete as to render recognition, except among intimate friends, difficult. Gentlemen holding military commissions in her majesty's service appeared, as nearly as possible, in the corresponding uniforms of their respective services at the period selected for the *fete*. Thus the Duke of Wellington appeared in the uniform of the Duke of Cumberland of that day, the Earl of Cardigan in the uniform of the 11th Dragoons at the battle of Culloden, and the Marquis of Londonderry in the dress of a cavalry officer of the time. Lord Forester appeared in the dress of Captain of the hon. corps of gentlemen pensioners; the Duke of Rutland was dressed in the full costume of a knight of the garter a century back; the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the dress of his predecessors in office of the period; Mr. Curzon in a very curious Venetian costume; the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Wilton, Earl Fitzhardinge, Lord Shelburne, Mr. Nugent Vaughan, Lord Stanley, and Viscount Alford were distinguished by the richness of their costumes.

The Earl of Liverpool, Earl Delawarr, and Lord Ernest Bruce, the great officers of the household, appeared in the dress of their respective offices, and were distinguished by the extraordinary magnificence of their apparel. Many Scottish gentlemen wore the Highland costume of the time, which, though retaining all its peculiarity, yet was sufficiently identified with the age, in the coat and high heeled shoe, to harmonise completely with the rest.

Among the most beautiful Scottish dresses were those of the Marquis of Breadalbane, the master of Strathallan, and Captain A. Gordon Cumming. The officers who wore infantry dresses displayed the long white gaiters, which remained in vogue even up to the reign of George IV.; the cavalry all wore high military boots, and some of them the crimson silk sword belt, fringed with gold, which gave them very much the appearance of a modern Grand Cross of the Bath. The cavalry were also distinguished by the three cornered hat, while the infantry displayed the old fashioned high peaked grenadier cap. The dresses of the ladies did not display an equal variety with those of the gentlemen; the style of all was the same, the only difference being in the costliness of the material, the taste in the choice of colours, and the display of jewels in decoration. A few appeared in little velvet hats with one or two feathers, but they were exceptions. The general head-dress was the hair powdered, a ridge of curls round the forehead and face, and the hair falling back with curls on the shoulders, or else wigs, which came still closer to the fashion of the day. Some of the ladies made a difference in the fashion of wearing their trains; instead of starting from the waist, it fell at once from the shoulders, not being confined at all at the waist, but descending at once to the bottom of the skirt. The material of which these were composed was generally of old brocaded silks and satins, many of them embroidered in gold and silver, or worked in needlework. The trains were looped up with golden clasp, bunches of flowers, and bouquets of brilliants and precious stones, displaying dresses of old point, Valenciennes or Guipure lace, not too long to conceal the high-heeled, sharp-pointed, and diamond-ornamented white satin shoe. The ladies wore hoops, which very much extended the dress on each side, adding to the rotundity of the figure. The effect of powder rendered the complexions of the younger ladies much more brilliant, and added not a little to the effect of this magnificent *fete*. Among the dresses distinguished for their splendour were those of the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Aylesbury, the Marchioness of Douro, and Miss Burdett Coutts. The pages of honour were dressed in the complete costume of the period in miniature, and having a large white satin bow or shoulder knot on the right shoulder.

**Her Majesty's Dress** was composed of gold tissue, brocaded in coloured flowers, green leaved, and silver, trimmed round the top, bottom, and sides (the upper dress being open in front) with point lace over red riband; the dress looped up with red satin ribands and two large bows, in each of which was a diamond bow and tassel. The stomacher composed of two large diamond bows and a diamond point. The sleeves, which were tight, finished with point lace ruffles, and trimmed with red riband; on the left arm the garter, in diamonds, and on the right a diamond rosette. The blue riband and diamond George as usual. The under petticoat of white and silver tissue, trimmed with a deep flounce of rich point lace, (which had belonged to Queen Charlotte,) headed by a quilling of red satin riband and bows. Above, a narrower flounce of point lace, trimmed like the other. In each riband bow a diamond rosette.

**Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.**—White satin slip trimmed with handsome black lace and red riband. The front of the dress was decorated with elegant ornaments composed of diamonds and pearls, with a stomacher of diamonds. The train was very magnificent, being formed of the richest brocade, embroidered with gold, and having alternate stripes of red, white, and gold. The head-dress was splendidly adorned with diamonds, and emeralds. The necklace and ear rings were composed of brilliants.

**Duchess of Nemours.**—Rose-coloured Chinese damask dress, richly trimmed with gold blonde and pearls and silver fringes. Under dress of point d'Alencon lace, having a deep border of silver, with large silver rosettes. In front were silver lapels. The stomacher was composed of large brilliants and pearls, and on the left shoulder was a beautiful nosegay, with diamond wheat ears intermixed. Shoes of purple satin, embroidered with fleur de lis in gold and diamonds. Gloves embroidered in gold with the fleur de lis to correspond.

**The Marchioness of Douro.**—The petticoat of white brocade with gold; flounce of old and most valuable point lace, formerly belonging to one of the Popes of Rome. The dress of splendid brocade with silver, the front being open, and ornamented with silver bullion and rosettes of diamonds. The stomacher most superbly covered with diamonds. Each sleeve ornamented with diamonds in the forms of coronets, and trimmed with point lace to match

the flounce. Head-dress, a coronet of diamonds and rubies. Shoes of white satin, trimmed with red ribbon; a rosette on each, with a large diamond in the centre. Her ladyship carried a magnificent antique fan, decorated with rubies. The value of the diamonds and jewels worn by her ladyship amounted to £60,000. The necklace was of pearls, with rubies and diamonds fastened on black velvet, with bracelets to match.

**His Royal Highness Prince Albert.**—A suit of the richest crimson velvet, of Spitalfields manufacture; the coat lined with white satin, edged throughout with gold; the buttons were of gold. On his left breast his royal highness wore a most splendid star of the order of the Garter, composed of diamonds, with the exception of the cross, which was formed of rubies. The badge of the order was confined at the shoulder by an epaulette composed of large brilliants, and a most splendid George was suspended from the riband, wholly formed of brilliants. The prince also wore the insignia of the Golden Fleece, formed of opals and diamonds. The garter was set in brilliants, and the hilt of his royal highness's sword was covered with diamonds. The waistcoat was of white satin, also of Spitalfields manufacture, richly and elegantly embroidered with gold, the button being of gold. Shoe buckles of diamond. Hat, three-cornered, edged with gold lace, with handsome diamond ornament in the cockade in front.

**The Duke of Devonshire.**—The costume of the noble duke was that of Louis XV. and of most superb description. It was made in Paris expressly for the royal *fete*.

**Viscount Palmerston.**—A coat of ruby-coloured velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and lined with white satin; vest of silk brocade, the flowers being in varied colours; breeches of ruby velvet, relieved with gold lace. Chapeau and sword. The costume was that of an English nobleman of the reign of George II.

**Sir Robert Peel.**—A coat of rich black velvet, lined with white satin, the holes embroidered in gold, and buttons of gold to correspond; vest of white satin, richly embroidered in gold-coloured silk; black velvet breeches; white silk hose to garter above the knee, and a gold hilted sword of the period. It was one of the best dresses at the ball. The costume was that of an English gentleman.

The dancing took place in the ball room and throne room; in which were stationed respectively Collinet's and Musard's bands.

At half past ten o'clock, the queen and Prince Albert opened the ball, in the ball room, with a polonaise, preceded by the great officers of state, and followed by their most distinguished guests; the Duke and Duchess of Nemours coming next to the queen and Prince Albert. The next dance was a minuet, in the throne room, headed by the queen and Prince George of Cambridge, with the Duchess of Nemours and Prince Albert, and six other couples. Quadrilles minuets, strathspeys, and other dances, succeeded. The series was broken at midnight by supper—a banquet in the great dining room. The ball closed with the old country dance of "Sir Roger de Coverley;" the lady of the feast dancing with her husband.

Such was the pressure of the crowd to witness the minuets and Scotch reels danced in the ball-room, that it was with no small difficulty the lord chamberlain could obtain an open space for the dances. The Strathspeys and Scotch reels were rather tamely performed, lacking the national fervour of these dances north of the Tweed. Among the amusing incidents of the evening was that of an old general officer, with a regimental peaked hat, who passed before her majesty in marching order, with military salute, and uncovered. Her majesty and court could not resist indulging in a smile at the quaintness of the gallant officer's appearance. One lady was carried out of the picture gallery in a fainting fit, and suddenly divested of her head-dress to relieve the pressure of wig and jewellery. The change produced a somewhat ludicrous effect on her pale and dejected countenance. After the usual ministering of smelling bottles and cold water, the lady recovered; but no art could replace the ornament that had, a few minutes before, adorned her head, and with disappointment and vexation she escaped the crowd, and left the gay scene. Those few officers of the guards who had shaved lip and chin for the occasion, were scarcely recognised by their most intimate friends. The Marchioness of Douro looked most lovely, and among the brilliant throng was the "observed of all observers." Her ladyship's head dress was capped with a coronet of diamonds, her fine hair; which lapped gorgeously over the Grecian form of her matchless and beautiful head, being strewed with brilliants in elegant devices.

Her majesty and Prince Albert, and their illustrious guests the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, and the Prince of Leiningen, retired at half past two o'clock from the state rooms, and the general company took their departure.

Thus closed this magnificent *fete*, which completely, as it were, resuscitated a past age, so perfectly did the aristocracy of the country, who were her majesty's guests on this occasion, identify themselves with the spirit and intention of their sovereign. The lapse of three generations might be forgotten, and the court of George II. seemed actually again to exist. Every dress was a complete study of the historical costume, and the effect of the whole was as interesting and magnificent as can well be imagined.

A comparison may naturally be made between this second *bal costume* and that of the reign of Edward, given by her majesty three years ago; and in spite of the gay and brilliant costume of an age of chivalry, knights in flashing armour, robes and mantles of velvets, waving plumes, and surcoats glittering with the emblazonry of arms; in spite of all the variety of a romantic and picturesque age, yet such was the unity of effect—such the admirable manner in which all her majesty's guests had obeyed all their instructions, not only in the costume itself, but also in a measure in adopting the "manner of the time," that this *fete*, in its grave and formal magnificence, may well take its place by the side of its gay and brilliant predecessors, and leave in doubt to which the preference should be given. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge were not present, owing to the recent family bereavement which her royal highness has suffered.

Sir Robert Peel (says a writer in the *Times* of Monday), though in a comparatively plain court dress of the period, looked remarkably stately; he might have stepped out of the frame of a cotermporary portrait. Lord Palmerston, strange to say, seemed to shrink under his ample costume; while Lord John Russell looked twice his ordinary size in the full wig and capacious coat. We pass over a multitude of really excellent specimens, which were interesting only because so remarkably striking and correct, to enumerate a few which were interesting on account of their wearers. The Duke of Wellington appeared in a field marshal's uniform of the era. It is said to have been intended for that of the Duke of Cumberland, but there was nothing particular to distinguish it. As if to show how unfavourable the peculiar style of costume was to some of those in whom the most interest was felt, this



dress of the duke so utterly disguised him that, but for his well-known features, recognition would have been impossible. Almost any close fitting military dress of the period would have been preferable. As it was, the scarlet coat hung loosely about him, and the nether garments were so ample as to give him a much more aged and shrunken appearance than he would have had in a more becoming costume. On the other hand, the Earl of Cardigan excited no little attention. He wore the uniform of the 11th Dragoons at Culloden, and with his costume, which became him extremely, he contrived to assume the portentous bearing and the true jack boot stride and swagger. The Marquis of Londonderry, also, upon the same principle, looked very dashing and imposing as a cavalry officer of the period. Lord Morpeth presented a very grave and stately appearance, and Lord Stanley might have been mistaken for the resuscitated spirit of one of his noble forefathers, so complete was the illusion. Lord Ellenborough was a very conspicuous character. He wore one of the most stiff and angular court dresses of the time. His lordship, since his return from his eastern imperialism, has shorn those luxuriant locks of his, on which his satirical opponents were wont to make merry. Perhaps it was to compensate himself for the loss that, on this occasion, he invested his head with an outrageous wig of gigantic capacity, under which even his large features shrank to nothing. The Medusa submitted to a course of hair powder could not have presented a more monstrous spectacle; and, mounted on the strange and ungraceful costume his lordship chose, this wig appeared still more absurd.

Sir James Graham, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Hallam, and Lord Denman, were among those who best supported the assumed character. Lord Lyndhurst came in his chancellor's dress, and when the circumstance was remarked upon, his answer was, "Oh! the Lord Chancellor, you know never dies, he is always the same." Among the legal characters Mr. Pemberton Leigh was one of the most distinguished for propriety of costume and appropriate bearing. One costume alone was decidedly *outré*. The Hon. Mr. Curzon appeared in a dress which it was difficult to recognize. Apparently he was a good deal pestered with inquiries on the subject. It might have been meant for the state dress of the cham of Tartary or the Chinese emperor, but that it was too grotesque for either. Others thought that the long gown, clasped at the neck, and flowing to the feet, and the sugar loaf cap, were designed for the dress of one of the victims of an *Auto da Fe*. At last it was discovered to be intended for a Venetian costume. The Scotch dresses were very beautiful, and contributed more than any to the variety of the scene.

In referring to the dresses of the gentlemen, we have most ungallantly passed over those of the ladies. They were almost all beautiful; those of the Marchioness of Doro, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Canning, being particularly remarkable. Altogether, it was remarkable, that so many should have adopted the carriage and manners of the time with the dress. Out of such unpromising materials it was matter of wonder that there were so few incongruities, and that the costume generally should have been so much in keeping.

### Foreign Summary.

**HITCH IN THE SUGAR DUTIES.**—By the treaty of Utrecht, between England and Spain, in 1713, renewed as recently as 1814, Spanish produce was to be admitted into England on the same terms as the produce of the most favoured nation. The treaty contains no reference to slave or free labour. The Spanish ambassador now demands that sugar, the produce of the Spanish colonies, Cuba and Porto Rico, shall be admitted under this clause, in the same way as we have admitted the slave-grown sugar of Louisiana and Venezuela! Considering that Cuba is the centre of the slave trade, against which all our energies have been directed, the announcement of this demand has filled every one with surprise—has literally taken the nation by storm!

The question naturally suggests itself,—were Ministers aware of this clause, or did they legislate in ignorance of its existence? Now, the last question might be satisfactorily answered, if the first did not present itself. Every treaty contains this "favoured nation" clause, and, if the treaty with Brazil had not expired last year, the produce of that country would, as a matter of course and necessity, have been admitted.

The subject has been mooted in Parliament, but so vaguely that it is impossible to comprehend the ministerial policy in this dilemma; whether they will consent to an immediate re-consideration of the Sugar Duties, and if so, whether they will still continue to exclude the sugar of Brazil; whether they read the treaty in the same light as the world reads it, as admitting the slave sugar of the Havannah, or whether there is not some exceptionable expression in the treaty respecting the "colonies" of Spain, that may be tortured into a meaning favourable to exclusion, time will show. But certes, the subject, like a bomb thrown into an enemy's citadel, has caused hardly less stir in the various important interests connected with, or relating to, the West Indies; nor is this surprising, when it is recollected that the two Spanish Islands we have named, produce as much sugar as the whole of our West India colonies put together! Sir Robert Peel has promised to put the treaty, the demand of the Spanish minister, and the reply of the government, on the table of the house without delay, and until that be done, speculation may be dispensed with as worthless.

**THE GREAT BRITAIN STEAM SHIP.**—This stupendous vessel left the Thames, where she has so long commanded attention and admiration, on Thursday last, for Plymouth. At the latter place she moored on the evening of Saturday, with between 60 and 70 passengers. The weather was mild, and her speed was occasionally as high as fourteen miles per hour. She had not the same opportunity of defying the utmost anger of the elements, as on her first trip round the Land's End. Thousands of persons assembled at Plymouth Hoe and the adjacent heights to see her, and her arrival was the occasion of the greatest enthusiasm. She leaves Plymouth to-morrow (Friday,) the 20th, for Dublin, and will convey passengers from one place to the other at a guinea and a-half per head. In Dublin she will remain a week, after which she will sail for Liverpool, and start on the appointed day for New-York. We may mention, *en passant*, a stupid report which was current in the Irish metropolis a day or two back, that this gigantic creature of the ocean had been purchased by the Government for its own use, and that she would not cross the Atlantic as a public conveyance. Nothing can be more unfounded—more absurd. We are informed on the best authority, that the Great Britain will punctually leave here on her appointed day, and sure are we that in the Western World she will not be less an object of interest than on this side of the water.

**VIDOCQ AND HIS EXHIBITION.**—The London Morning Chronicle, allud-

ing to this notorious character, the Jonathan Wild of France, and his exhibition, which is now open in London, says, "The great attraction is the extraordinary museum of crime—if we may call it so—the collection of weapons which have been used by celebrated criminals—daggers, pistols, knives, life-preservers of every description, and adapted to inflict every species of injury. Then we have fetters and handcuffs, chains and rings, every one of them their legend of crime and suffering. Some of these latter were worn by Vidocq himself, when under the ban of the law, and in prison at Brest. But fetters were as terrorless to him as bracelets. He shows the saw, made out of a watch-spring, with which he sawed inch after inch of solid iron, and explains the processes of his escapes. The table upon which all these mementos of misery in its varied forms are displayed is worth an hour's inspection. Not the least curious part of the exhibition is the collection of disguises worn by Vidocq, when engaged in arresting criminals. These are ranged round the walls. The priest's soutane hangs by the peasant's blouse, encompassed with every variety of dress worn by the lower orders of Paris. All this derives an additional interest from being exhibited by Vidocq himself. He is now a man upwards of seventy, but he hardly appears fifty years of age, and his motions are lithe and active as those of a man twenty years younger. He is not tall, but has the thews and sinews of a giant. His face is strongly marked, and is expressive of the most resolute daring, and at the same time, of great readiness and sharpened intelligence. He is full of talk of his adventures and curiosities, and, altogether, surrounded by so many proofs of his prowess and records of his adventures, he affords a spectacle which, when once seen, is not easily forgotten."

**ATROCITIES IN SYRIA.**—The following details have come to hand through a private letter, of the butcheries that have recently taken place in Syria:—"A civil war, and one of extermination, reigns at this moment in the mountain between the Druses and the Christians, and during the fifteen days the horrors we have seen perpetrated around us are dreadful. At the moment I write (May 17,) we have before us the appalling spectacle of no less than eleven villages and a number of Maronite churches and convents in flames; and what is worse when the Christians are victorious, they enter the Druse villages, putting to the edge of the sword, men, women and children; the Druses following the example when they are victorious. All the silk-worms of both parties, the whole support of the Syrian population, have been burned. The convents of the Maronites and Catholics, have been burned, and the bodies of their priests, after death have been burned by the Druses.

"At this moment with the help of our glasses, we see unfortunate fugitive Christians—women and children, to the number of 6000 or 7000, on the coast. Two ships of war, one French and one Austrian, and five or six small vessels, chartered by the mercantile body, have sailed, to collect and save them from the dreadful death which awaits them from famine. I do not know what so many people will do here to live; or what we shall do, from the great existing scarcity of water, when the population of our city will be augmented by 15,000 or 20,000 souls.

"This, you may rely on it, is no exaggeration. I do not know how European Powers can tolerate such abominations, or the fanaticism of the barbarians, and remain inactive, when a handful of troops, of any Christian nation, would suffice to cause their insolence to cease and to bring them to a proper sense of reason.

"May 20th.—Fire and battle continue to reign with destructive violence on all sides around us, and the news we have at this moment is, that the Christians have been obliged to fire on the regular troops, which places us in a very alarming position, as we fear a revolution of the Turks against all the Christians, and we are now all prepared, weapon in hand, to defend our houses and the lives of our families. Yesterday the Pasha wrote to the consular body that it was impossible for him to reconcile the hostile parties, and demanded assistance from them. But what can the Consuls do between two nations equally stupid, ignorant, fanatical, and superstitious? Our city is already full of unfortunate mountaineers, of the Christians, men, women, and children, dying of hunger, whom the Consuls here are constrained to support in common charity."

**THE ENGLISH IN CHINA.**—The following is an extract from a letter dated Hong Kong, March 6, 1845:—"You will be pleased to hear that opium can no longer involve us in China. It is openly admitted at every port, and carried about the streets. In fact, it is legalized to all intents and purposes, but they are ashamed to publish it. The trade of Canton for the past year exceeded all previous experience, notwithstanding the other four ports, and the emperor gained a revenue of £5,500,000 from that port alone. At Shanghai 38 ships are recorded during 1844. The impetus given to our cotton manufactures is very great, and the demand yet unsupplied. As for this colony, it is getting on at a miraculous pace; houses and streets spreading in all directions, and still house-rent extravagantly dear. We have now delightful weather, much superior to an English winter. The unhealthiness of this island is beginning to be found a bore. The drunken soldiers die, as they do in all hot climates, fevered with spirits and debauchery; but, as for the civil part of the community, the colonial surgeon has returned 367 cases with only nine deaths, in his report of six months' practice. Such a proportion might be exceeded in England. Our barracks were sickly, and our gaol perfectly healthy! British sovereignty is zealously established over the Chinese of this colony, and they are so well contented with it as to flock over with their wives and families, which gives us a better population than at first, now increased to 30,000. Three Chinese robbers (with weapons) were condemned to death by our supreme court, when they committed suicide by hanging themselves in the prison. These men had robbed and attempted to murder some of their own countrymen, and not Europeans. Whilst at Macao for twenty-four hours, to collect plants and trees and vine cuttings for the colony, the governor was attacked by three robbers while walking alone in plain clothes, just outside the town. They fled on seeing some other Englishmen approaching, so he was happily neither hurt nor robbed, though one of the rascals had a knife in his possession. In Hong Kong we have put an end to robberies by our English jurisdiction.—Times.

**ILLUMINATED SHOT.**—Lieut. O'Reilly, R.N. Hornsea, has succeeded in illuminating a shot used in Captain Manby's apparatus, by means of which a communication in cases of shipwreck can be effected in the darkest night, with the greatest certainty. A fusee is fitted to the shot, and, when discharged, affords a splendid light, capable of withstanding the power of water. Objects within its range become distinctly visible, whereby the projector is enabled to see the direction of his aim, and the people on board distinguish the line which is attached to the projectile, should it pass over any part of the rigging or yards aloft.



*Mr. Disraeli's Opinion of Histories of England.*—If the history of England be ever written by one who has the knowledge and the courage—and both qualities are necessary for the undertaking—the world would be more astonished than when reading the Roman annals by Niebahr. Generally speaking, all the great events have been distorted, most of the important causes concealed, some of the principal characters never appear, and all who figure are so misunderstood and misrepresented, that the result is a complete mystification, and the perusal of the narrative about as profitable to an Englishman as reading the *Republic of Plato* or the *Utopia* of More, the pages of *Gaudenzio di Lucca* or the *Adventures of Peter Wilkins*.

*A Romance of 1845.*—The Prince Stourdza, son of the Hospodar of Moldavia, came about two years ago to Paris, to finish his education, and there he fell madly in love with the Countess Dash, well-known as a romance writer, and with whom he eloped. The countess unfortunately was married, but happily for the fugitives the Moldavian laws can dissolve a first marriage, and permit a second to be contracted, and the fair *novelliste* availing herself of this law, received, for the second time, the nuptial benediction. But "fathers have flinty hearts," and although the Prince's father and Sovereign had previously committed the same folly himself, by marrying a *divorcée*, he yet refused his sanction to the marriage of his son, and despite the tears of the young couple, and the intercession of the Prince's mother, he refused to receive them at Court, and has banished them for two years from Jassy, the capital of his dominions, to an estate some distance therefrom. The Countess, in a letter to a friend at Paris, dated May 12, declares herself to be quite happy with her husband, whose only fault is being "too young and too handsome, and that the only thing she requires, is to be reconciled to her father-in-law." Constitutionnel.

*Galvanic Rings.*—Several individuals, principally Jews, are making rapid fortunes by the sale of galvanic rings. What are their effects? The medical attendant of one of the largest and most populous districts of the London Poor-law Union assures me that *diarrhoea* among the poor, since the wearing of the rings, has been of constant recurrence; and in those cases where the paupers were forced to strip their fingers of the ring the attack ceased. That they have a galvanic action cannot be doubted, but it is of a higher objectionable kind. A man fancied he was affected with rheumatic pains; he had two galvanic rings, which he wore on a finger of each hand. On the first day he sat down to a frugal repast—the wing of a chicken with a little hollands and cold spring water. Of the mixture he had sipped once, when he became utterly insensible and helpless, in which state he remained for upwards of twelve hours. The attack was no fit; it was like nothing of the sort; was entirely free from such an evil. It is stated that the heat of the system and other acting causes brought out the hidden qualities of the metallic rings—hence his situation.

Edinburgh Register.

*The Prince of Peace.*—Some judicial proceedings, now before the law courts of Paris, prove that Don Manuel Godoy, the Prince of Peace, is at present residing in obscurity in that city, in the Rue de la Michodière. He had preserved of his former fortune a collection of valuable Spanish pictures, 297 in number, estimated to be worth 2,000,000*fr.* In 1829, M. Friedlein treated with the Prince for the acquisition of his gallery. Since then, several of the pictures were sold with the consent of M. Friedlein, but the latter now pretends that several were disposed of without his knowledge, and he demands a sum of 100,000*fr.* from the Prince.

## Imperial Parliament.

### THE CORN LAW.

House of Commons June 11.

Mr. VILLIERS moved that the House resolve itself into committee for the purpose of considering his resolutions on the corn-law. All classes, he said, were in favour of a union that something effectual must be done with the corn-law, and he felt it his duty to test the opinion of the House, and, if possible, to elicit the sentiments of its influential members. He congratulated himself on the manner in which measures tending towards the principle he sought to establish had been dealt with in this session; and looked upon it as an indication of a growing sound opinion in favour of just and liberal economical principles. There can be no question about the original intention of the corn-law: it had been to make land dear and all subsequent legislation had been consistent with that object. The proprietors of land were almost exclusively the legislators, and thus was the course of legislation on this subject to be accounted for. Public opinion was now grown so powerful that if it were once directed against the corn-law it could not stand for a moment; and those who derived benefit from the law strained all their energies to influence a large portion in their favour. There were two classes to whom the advocates of the corn-law principally addressed themselves—the cultivators of the soil, and the labouring population; and he confessed that they had had considerable success with these classes, but the delusion was fast passing away. The farmers had been deceived into the notion that high prices meant high profits, and were induced to support a law which secured them a high price. Many members sat in that House through having persuaded the farmers that they were farmers' friends, and his object in bringing forward his motion was to let the farmer see who were his friends and who were his enemies. He wanted to know from the chairman of the Agricultural Protection Society (Mr. S. O'Brien) how it was that the farmer was in his present distressed condition, considering the protection that had been so long afforded him? Mr. O'Brien could not say that it was caused by the recent measures of the Government, as the farmer had been subject to similar depression at different periods during the last 35 years; neither could he say that the landlord and the farmer were in the same boat, for the landlords were in general as well off as ever, and he (Mr. Villiers) had not heard of a landlord discharging a single footman or groom in consequence of the low prices. The meetings that had been recently held in the agricultural districts were composed of two classes—one of the landlords and their dependents, the other of the tenants and occupiers of the soil. At the meetings of the first class, the complaints were directed against the new tariff and the Canada Corn Act; but at the farmers' meetings they heard wishes expressed for leases, the abolition of the game-laws, or the adjustment of rent. While the present system continued there could be no improvements; the landlords required further protection from the Government, the farmers more consideration from the landlords; and neither the landlords nor the Government would concede what was required of them. The practice of letting only to tenants-at-will, in order to preserve political influence to the landlords, and the custom prevalent in this country, by which landed property was made to descend to the eldest son, by what was called the law of primogeniture, were opposed

to the improvement of the soil; and the result of the whole system was, that there was not that abundant and constant supply of food for the people, which they could obtain with freedom of trade. Amongst the delusions which had been swept away, was one that the condition of the people was improved by food being dear, that was high-priced and scarce, and that the labourer got a higher amount in money in consequence of the high price of food. Sir J. Graham had recently exposed that fallacy, and triumphantly proved that the poor were better off, and that pauperism and crime had diminished, in proportion as prices had declined during the last three years. Sir R. Peel had said distinctly that it was ungenerous to ascribe the improved condition of the country to the seasons, that it was to be attributed to the reduction of protective duties—to having no longer faith in protection. Gentlemen should remember the proportion that existed between the producers and consumers of food. The recent census showed that only one third of the population was engaged in agriculture, and the other two thirds in manufactures and other employments. If the people engaged in manufactures were deprived of employment, they should return on the land for support. By making food abundant, they gave vitality to the whole body of the people, in the same way as if they gave the air they breathed; but when they diminished the supply of food, they produced a mass of moral and physical ruin, destruction of capital, and the demoralization of whole families and masses of the people. An alteration in the corn-law was called for not only by our rapidly increasing population, to which 380,000 were added every year, but by the prevalence of distress even now, as evinced by the fact mentioned by Sir J. Graham, that last year we had 1,500,000 paupers. If an unfavourable harvest or a period of scarcity should recur, there were circumstances which would make the pressure more severely felt by the country than it had ever been formerly, inasmuch as the standard of living had been much exalted both at home and abroad, and as many countries, France and Belgium for instance, which had been exporters, were now importers of corn. Besides, their legislation had discouraged agriculture in every country in Europe, and there was not a grain of corn grown upon the Continent at present, with a view to the English market. Moreover, the recent alteration in our banking system, would render the revulsion more severe on the manufacturing interest, whenever it should become necessary to export bullion; and as the sliding scale compelled us to buy in the nearest markets, and our manufactures were excluded from these markets, we must export bullion in every instance when we want corn. He urged the present time as favourable to a settlement of the question, and called on the Government, if they could show any local taxation or peculiar burdens pressing unduly on the land, to shift the burden, and indemnify the landlords in any way they pleased, except by making the food of the people dear and scarce.

Mr. OSWALD seconded the motion.

Sir J. GRAHAM felt an earnest desire that their decision on the question before them should rest not on any vain hope of promoting any particular interest in this country, but that they should be guided by the common wish which was alone worthy of that House, to promote the interests of all classes of the community:—

"He should not shrink from again repeating all those principles which on a former occasion he had avowed, those general principles to which the Hon. Member for Wolverhampton had referred. It was his decided opinion that the prosperity of agriculture must always depend on the prosperity of other branches of native industry in this country, and that public prosperity would, on the whole, be best promoted by giving a free and uninterrupted current to the flow of national industry—(Cheers.) He would go further, and say that it was his opinion that, by safe, gradual, and cautious measures, it was expedient to bring our laws with reference to the trade in corn, to a nearer relation with the sound principles which regulated our commercial policy with respect to every other article—(Cheers from the Opposition.) The interests and prosperity of the landlord and farmer of this country, depended on the wealth and comfort and ease of the great body of the people"—(Cheers.)

It was, however, his conviction, that suddenly and at once to throw open the trade in corn would be inconsistent with the well being of the community, and would give such a shock to the agricultural interest as would throw many other interests into a state of convulsion:—

"He stated on a former evening that which he should not hesitate to restate, without distinction of parties, that, without distinction for the last twenty years, the objects of succeeding Governments had been first to substitute protecting duties for prohibitory duties; and again, where protecting duties had been imposed, gradually and progressively to relax them; and the protection which had been given to agriculture was not an exception to the general rule. The measure of 1821 had been a relaxation of that of 1815, and the measure of 1842 was a decided relaxation, although the Hon. Gentleman had stated that avowedly such was not the object of the Government. This was a matter of importance, and he had stated that the principle was not only one of the present but of former Governments; it was one, too, of which he entirely approved as a safe principle, and he was satisfied that it was the policy of his right honourable friend at the head of the Government, and with respect to the alterations made in the corn-law in 1842, there was no exception to that policy."

If Mr. Villiers could show him that free trade with open ports, would produce a more abundant supply to the labourer, he would make him a convert to the doctrine of free trade in corn. He confessed that he placed no value on the fixed duty of 4*s.*, proposed by Lord John Russell; it would be of no avail as a protection, whilst it would be liable to all the obloquy of a protecting duty; and he therefore agreed that, if we got rid of the present corn-law, we had better assent to a total repeal. He thought that the probable quantity of corn received with open ports was greatly underrated, and entered into calculations to prove that it would displace one eighth of the produce of Great Britain and Ireland. The displacement of the labour expended on clay lands of England would in itself be very disastrous; but it was also the oldest land in cultivation; it had been cultivated for wheat, and it was therefore liable to a very heavy annual charge for tithe. If it were converted into pasture its value would be very inferior, and the tithe imposed upon it would be more than its rental. The sudden change proposed by Mr. Villiers would be productive of most disastrous consequences. It would produce not only great panic among the agricultural interest, but also a great diminution in the demand for agricultural labour. If 500,000 or 800,000 labourers should be thrown out of employment by it, all the machine of government would be so thrown out of order, crime and pauperism would increase to such an extent from destitution and distress, that the shock must be of a most convulsive character. He concluded by giving his decided negative to this motion.

Mr. BRIGHT was at a loss to discover whether the speech which Sir J. Graham had just delivered, was intended to give more hope to the Opposition, or consolation to the Ministerial, side of the House; for he had evidently been



endeavouring to say one thing in one part of his speech, and to unsay it in the next. In the commencement he had been a furious free-trader; in the close he had brought forward in a mass all the fallacies of the Protection society. It was time that this imposture should cease; for, so long as it prevailed, the country would be involved in a perpetual agitation. The question of the repeal of the corn-laws was now only one of time. He (Mr. Bright) would score off every part of Sir J. Graham's speech after that sentence of it which contained the announcement that free trade was the key-stone of Sir Robert Peel's policy. Let the county members reflect upon that, and let them remember that if Sir R. Peel gave the word for the repeal of the corn-laws they had no power to prevent it. He knew that on the division he would be in a minority, but minorities in that House had often become majorities; and if a man advocated a sound principle, and knew that millions out of doors supported it, he need not be deterred because the teller gave a majority against it instead of in its favour.

Mr. COBDEN rose to remind the House that the question put by Mr. Villiers that night had not been met, but had been systematically evaded. The question was—first, had they a right to restrict the supply of food for the people; secondly, was it true that they had a law to that effect; and thirdly, if their corn-law was not to that effect, what was its purpose? He asserted that the corn-law did restrict the supply of the food of the people, and called upon the members for Dorsetshire and other agricultural counties to deny it if they could. If they denied it, then he called upon them to explain whether the labouring classes in their respective districts were sufficiently and wholesomely fed; and if they were not, why they were not? The present corn-law was injurious to every portion of the community, and it was rash and perilous, inasmuch as it had left us with no more than 300,000 quarters of corn in bond, at a period when Europe was drained of corn, and we had the prospect of a backward, not to say a failing, harvest:—

"There were, at this moment, only 300,000 quarters of foreign corn in this country. This was bonded, and a pretty stock it was to hold. The next harvest would, in all probability, be perhaps some weeks later than previous ones, and before next harvest the people of this country would have eaten closer up to the amount of corn on hand than in former years, and yet there were only at the present moment 300,000 quarters of foreign corn in bond. Was there ever such rashness as for twenty seven millions of people, who could grasp the produce of the whole world, and who could mortgage it before it was grown, to leave themselves in this dilemma? With free trade, this country would hold, instead of 300,000 quarters, 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 quarters. Could they apply their capital to a more legitimate purpose than supplying the country with food? How did the Dutch supply themselves in their palmyest days? As appeared from 'Raleigh's History of the World,' they held 700,000 quarters of foreign corn every year. In this country we might as well hold 20,000,000 quarters as the Dutch did 700,000 quarters two hundred years ago. Hon. Gentlemen might think that, with such a stock, prices would be low; but that would not be the case. How was it in the case of wool and other articles? They were purchased at a great price, and procured with much trouble, and were not sold much lower than Hon. Gentlemen opposite could sell them. But he looked upon this in the light of an investment for capital which would be eminently safe, and which they were rash men who refused. They did not pursue the policy of ancient nations in establishing public granaries for supplying the people's wants; but why should they object to that which was a much better mode of attaining the same end—namely, to allow of the storing of grain by capitalists?"

Lord J. RUSSELL said:—The speech delivered by Sir J. Graham was contradictory and inconsistent. The Right Hon. Baronet told them that industry ought to have its own course—that what was true of manufacturing, was also true of agricultural industry—and that protection was injurious to the land-owner. He had, therefore, expected that Sir James Graham, if he did not go along with him in his proposition for a moderate fixed duty, or with Mr. Villiers for a total repeal of the corn-laws, would at any rate propose some scheme by which the existing protection would be diminished, and by which some advances might be made in that approach to free trade which all parties deemed so desirable. There was nothing in Sir J. Graham's past conduct to render such a supposition unnatural, or such an alteration of his policy impracticable. From that point, however, he suddenly started off, and used against the motion all the arguments which had ever been urged in behalf of corn-law protection. The noble lord had determined to vote that night with Mr. Villiers:—

"With respect to two of the resolutions proposed by my honourable friend the member for Wolverhampton—namely, 'That the corn-law restricts the supply of food, and prevents the free exchange of the products of labour,' and 'that it is therefore prejudicial to the welfare of the country, especially to that of the working classes, and has proved delusive to those for whose benefit the law was designed'—these are opinions in entire accordance with those which I had the honour to put before the House on a former evening. These are propositions to which I cannot refuse my assent—(cheering)—and when my honourable friend proposes to go into committee to consider these resolutions, and proposes a third resolution, 'That it is expedient all restrictions on corn should be now abolished,' I feel at liberty to vote for going into committee with him—(cheers)—and I feel at liberty, if the House should go into that committee, to consider in what way the relaxation of the corn-law should be made—(Cheers.) I will not now discuss that point; I have stated my opinions on a former occasion—opinions which I still hold. The honourable member for Stockport has stated that great advantages would arise from making an immediate alteration. On the other hand there are great authorities, such as Adam Smith and Ricardo, and of reports made to this House, such as that of Senior, which were in favour of a gradual change. Whether the one or the other of these opinions be the better I do not think it necessary to discuss to-night; and I conceive that that discussion may be reserved until some practical measure be resolved upon by the committee. Sir, upon the case the Government have put before us, I cannot refuse to my honourable friend my vote for going into committee"—(Cheers).

Looking at the circumstances of the country, he was convinced that the corn-law could not be long maintained; and he warned the country gentlemen of the damage they would suffer from the constant repetition of the assertion that the law was intended to keep up rents:—

"I say, that is fully signified, not only by the ability of the attacks made on the law, but also by the manner in which it is defended in the House. I cannot conceive, unless it is better defended than it has been hitherto, that it can last for many years to come—(Cheers.) And if that be the case, why should not the landed gentry take advantage of the present state of things, the present moment of calm and quiet, to make the necessary alteration with coolness and deliberation? If they are determined not to do so, they must run the risk, in

case of any inflammation of the popular mind, of being exposed to odium and reproach. No one can deny that the present corn-law is intended to, and does in the opinion of political economists, add to the rent of the landlords. Only conceive the effect of this impression working on the minds of the people for many years. Here is a law which clearly adds to the income of those who legislate for the country. It is the business of those who legislate to prove that, though it adds to their income as legislators, it benefits the other classes of the community in the same proportion. Now, they cannot deny the effect of the law to be, that it adds to their rent, but they totally fail in proving that it confers a corresponding benefit on the rest of the community. Let them consider the consequences of such an argument going on for many years with the sharp and intelligent eyes of this community fixed upon them; and let them be wise in time."—(The noble lord sat down amid loud cheering.)

Sir R. PEEL had voted last year against a similar motion brought forward by Mr. Villiers, and felt compelled to take the same course on the present occasion, but he did not mean to dole out to Lord J. Russell the same measure of injustice as was sometimes meted out to himself, or to reproach the noble lord with then voting for a measure which last year he refused to sanction. Although he could not agree to the motion, he did not concur in some of the arguments used against it at his side of the House:—

"I must say that I think experience has shown that a high price of corn is not necessarily accompanied with a high rate of wages. But I believe it would be impossible to show that the rate of wages varies with the price of corn, and, speaking generally of the industrious classes of this country, I think it impossible to demonstrate that it is to their advantage that there should be permanently a high price of corn. I own I cannot concur with my hon. friend in speaking of the condition of the working classes, that, whatever their condition might have been some few months ago, it is in some respects deteriorated, and that, generally speaking, the working classes at present are not in so comfortable a state as they were a few months ago. I should deeply regret it if that were the case. I cannot speak of every district or parish. I know there are great vicissitudes of trade, and consequently of employment for them; but speaking generally of the working classes, and particularly of the manufacturing classes, I do not believe that there is any deterioration in their condition as compared with it some few months ago. On the contrary, I do perceive in the increased consumption of many articles—of coffee, of tea, of sugar continued even up to the present time, an effective proof that their condition now, as compared with their condition some two or three years ago, is greatly improved; and I cherish the hope that it continues, generally speaking, to improve"—(Hear, hear).

If he could believe in the predictions of Mr. Cobden, his objections to an immediate repeal of the corn-law would be greatly alleviated; but he could not, and therefore he must proceed in pursuance of his own policy to reconcile the gradual approach of our legislation to sound principle on this subject with the interests which had grown up under a different state of things. The alterations he had made in the corn-law; the removal of the prohibition of the importation of foreign cattle and foreign meat; the alterations in the timber duties; and other measures, of a similar character, showed the willingness of Ministers to apply to the agricultural interests the principles that had been applied to other branches of trade. He admitted the impossibility of resting the defence of the corn-law upon the exclusive interest of any class:—

"I do not defend that law upon the ground that it is for the special advantage of a particular interest. I believe that it would be impossible to maintain any law supposed to be founded upon such a consideration as that upon which it is said that this corn-law is founded—a desire to increase the rents to the landowners—(Opposition cheers.) But this I do believe, that looking to the condition of the agricultural interest generally, and to that of all those who are connected with it—looking to the obligations to which they are subject—I think that any such change in the corn-laws as that contemplated by the honourable member must tell injuriously—first, no doubt, upon the proprietor of the soil—but I believe that the main objection to such a proposition would be, that it would tell more injuriously still upon that great class whose prosperity is involved in that of the landowners"—(Ministerial cheers).

He objected to any sudden repeal of the corn-law, but would not specially exempt it from gradual abatement:—

"Sir, I have tried to show that during the three or four years the Government have been in office they had altered commercial laws consistently with sound principles, not excepting the laws placing restrictions upon the import of foreign corn. I have tried to show that in no instance and in no respect have they increased protection. You say that they have not carried their principles far enough. But every act which they have carried has been an act tending to establish principles which I believe to be sound ones, namely, those embodying the gradual abatement of purely protective duties—(Cheers.) I believe them to be sound. I thought so in 1842, and the experience of the intervening period has but seemed to confirm my impression. But, sir, with the strong opinions which I entertain, that, in the application of these principles, it is necessary to exercise the utmost caution for the purpose of ensuring the general prosperity of the country, I cannot consent to vote for a proposition which implies a total disregard for every such consideration in the application of the principles of free trade. If this doctrine be good for corn, it is good for everything else—(Cheers.) The proposition of the honourable gentleman, though confined to corn, applies to every other production, because he contends that a duty upon foreign grain restricts supply, modifies the free exchange of labour, and, should it be abolished, all the colonial interests affected must at once give way. Now, I do not believe that the instantaneous application of any such policy either to the agricultural or colonial interest, though it might be accompanied by a fall of prices, yet would not be to the advantage of this great community—(Cheers.) And it is on that ground—believing that such a measure as that proposed would be injurious to every interest—believing that our colonial relations could not co-exist with the sudden application of such a law—believing that the interests of Ireland would be prejudiced by it—thinking that it would be difficult to foresee the consequences of such a sudden import of corn taking place, or whether it would have the effect of giving you security for permanently low prices, I will give my decided vote against the motion of the honourable gentleman"—(Loud cheers).

Viscount HOWICK called attention to the fact that not one word had been said that evening by the Government in contradiction to the first two resolutions of Mr. Villiers condemnatory of the principles and policy of the present corn law. If the last resolution had been thus worded, "That it is expedient that all restrictions on corn should be gradually abolished," the speech of Sir R. Peel would have been an admirable one in support of it.

The House divided, when the numbers were—for the motion, 122; against it, 254; majority against the motion, 132.



MARRIED.—At Niagara Falls, 26th June, by the Rev. Mr. Deming, Hugh Taylor, Esq., of Montreal, Advocate, to Amelia, daughter of ex-Consul Buchanan. On the 22d June last, by the Rev. Nich. I. Marselis, Mr. W. H. Green, to Jemimah Post, both of this city.

DIED.—At Arbroath, Scotland, after a short illness, Mrs. Alexander Laird (sister of W. Laird, of this city), in the thirtieth year of her age.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1845.

By the mail packet *Acadia* we received our files to the 19th ult, just as we were about to go to press. The intelligence is all of a very satisfactory nature, but there is not anything of very pressing interest to this side of the Atlantic.

The health of the Queen and of the Royal family continues uniformly good, and her Majesty most condescendingly and cordially proceeds in social but dignified intercourse with her subjects; royal visitors also are largely and successively present at the court, and in truth England may be said to be enjoying "halcyon days."

The packets from this continent so have steadily carried home corroborations of the same report, namely, of the expected large crops of cotton, that the prices continue to be low, notwithstanding that the sales are almost unprecedentedly great—at least for such a continuance—thus shewing, that although there is an abundant demand for British cotton manufactures, the manufacturers avoid all wild speculation and will not be dragooned into buying unnecessary stocks of the raw material.

The monetary depression in the Iron trade has ceased, the article is up again to its former prosperous prices; the voice of industry is heard throughout the land, labor is abundant, wages are good, corn is low, money is abundant, and the only sort of adventure which is carried on to any extent is that of Railroads, of which, it must be confessed there really is no stint save in the solicitude of Parliament to save the adventurers from—themselves and their own cupidity.

Among the proceedings in Parliament there are some which are striking for their novelty, some which are amusing for their absurdity, some which are laudable for their independence, and some which carry rather a mark of obstinacy upon them. Of the first, one may adduce the motion of Mr. Hume—that terror of expensive ministers of any complexion of politics, and that contempt of the mere "bubble reputation," for a substantial reward to Sir Henry Pottinger. Great indeed must have been the merits of that distinguished gentleman, which could cause the celebrated public economist to put his hand voluntarily into his purse in proof of his sense of them; backward and ungrateful must the government have been, when it was left to Mr. Hume to reproach ministers with ill timed economy. Considering that we live in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the *quo animo* of every sentiment and action is examined, and the *qui bono* of every service is enquired into, it is a little too late to assert that it is *not usual* to give pensions or other pecuniary rewards for civil services. If "the wisdom of our ancestors" is to be the sole guide of their descendants, then the successive generations of mankind live in vain; if the motive of national reward be that only of encouraging martial prowess, then we had better return to that age of human history when war was the only occupation of noble men, and conquest the only motive of national enterprise.

But it is not so in our days, however Ministers may fancy themselves checked by the tyrant precedent, and in looking at the claims to public reward, the question is, or ought to be, what good has the public servant effected? and although the services of a Wellington or a Nelson, be undoubtedly of immense national importance—we will add, of importance to nations at large—yet they are performed at the expense of blood and treasure to a large extent, whilst those of a civilian are of a comparatively bloodless nature; they do not rankle on the minds of an antagonist nation from age to age, they open all the sluices of national industry, mutual advantage, enlargement of civilization and refinement, promote good-will, and render the name of such a peace-maker a blessed one through many a generation. Ask of the traders and manufacturers of England—and their voices must include those of all labourers employed by them—what they think of the services of Sir Henry Pottinger; ask of the landed proprietors, the produce of whose estates become so greatly more in demand through his diplomatic labors, what value they set on his services; ask the merchants of both England and India, whose millions have been rescued from a jeopardy if not loss which might have been fatal to many a commercial condition; ask presently—if not instantly—of the immense empire of China what are the benefits conferred on her as well as upon his own country, by his mission to the far East; and, finally, ask all the free enlightened countries of the world, how he has acquitted himself with regard to general rights, privileges, advantages, and the public weal of mankind at large.

"All this is very true" says the minister, "and we would willingly reward such extensive services, but it is *not usual* (he does not say it is *not lawful*, or it is *not reasonable*) to reward in the proposed manner for civil services." Preposterous answer and unworthy of utterance from a truly great mind! Sir Robert Peel, however, has tact enough to perceive that the motion is a very popular one, and ministers advise her Majesty to send a message to each house of Parliament proposing a pension of—what? £1500 per annum during his natural life? Now, that we may not shock the prejudices of any one, we will not institute a comparison of the real services rendered by the hero of Waterloo and the Envoy to China, but we may just allude to the reward to each. To say nothing of the previous honours and emoluments of the Duke of Wellington, his Grace received finally a grant of a sum of money, one year's

interest of which, at 3 per cent, is ten times as much as the proposed pension to Sir Henry Pottinger, and the principal remains intact to the Duke's representatives to the end of time. Observe, we do not say that the Great Captain received too much, but we do say that the proposed pension to the Envoy is miserably too small.

So much for the "Novelty" of Mr. Hume's motion; we next have before us the "Absurdity" of his Grace of Newcastle, and the "Independence" of The Duke of Wellington. The head of the Clintons, in keeping with his favourite maxim that "a man may do what he pleases with his own," and presuming that the subjects of the Queen are her own, has the effrontery to ask the Duke of Wellington, in his position as a peer of Parliament, if he (The Duke) had "received the Queen's permission" to push the Maynooth bill with dispatch through that house. We must have sadly lost sight of Parliamentary usage, if a question like that could be permitted, for we have always understood that freedom of discussion in the legislature is demanded and conceded, consistently with the internal regulations of each house, without any reference to the interference in either, of any other branch of the legislature, and more particularly of the highest. One would think that by this time his Grace the Duke of Newcastle would have understood the privilege of Parliament better; but it shews what powerful antagonists of reason are passion and prejudice.

But the Duke of Wellington's mode of treating the matter was infinitely better than if he had called his peer out, or had flown into a passion. At first he either did not or affected not to hear the Duke of Newcastle's question, but when Lord Brougham had exposed the disorderly question and its unparliamentary mode of proceeding, he said he feared his *infirmity* had prevented him from hearing the question, and that if he had heard he should have had no objection to answer it, although irregularly propounded; nevertheless he proceeded and finished it without the slightest allusion to either the noble querist or his query.

We come now to that which looks a little like "obstinacy," though, upon farther consideration it is not quite an indefensible but rather an apparent, one. We allude to the opposition of the Premier on the occasion M. Villiers' "annual" motion on the Corn laws, some details of which are in this day's number of our journal. The motion for a committee was lost, but Sir Robert Peel in his opposition thereto gave up so many points which had been hitherto considered among the strong holds of the corn-law men, that it was considered as an important step to conversion on his part, and a kind of intimation that the reforms so strenuously sought, would by degrees be conceded. Indeed the Premier has long exhibited the conduct of a man who slowly and unwillingly gives up his long cherished doctrines; he relaxes by degrees, he shifts his position as it were imperceptibly and would strive to avoid the appearance of conversion whilst yet he is really a proselyte. He is now evidently a Free Trade man, yet as he wishes improvements to be permanent ones he is certainly right in making them gradual so that each *valuable* advance shall be the stepping-stone to another, without disturbing the order of social action, and thus being able to step back the moment he perceives a false move in his schemes. It has ever been the curse of the Tory system, until within the last thirty years, that it did not permit moving or changing at all, but relying on precedent and "wisdom of our ancestors" they forgot or cared not that the entire history of mankind is a history of mutation. As soon as they got the name of "Conservative" they were no longer blindly conservative,—as if they were determined to be anomalous in name and action; but on the whole, now, the liberal conservative is perhaps the best kind of men to guide the helm of the State. The Corn laws will certainly be modified next session, if not repealed altogether.

The noble Colonial Secretary who, as a contemporary assured his readers, was sent into the house of Lords to assist the government there, with his superior talents, has made but a poor affair of it in New Zealand; Mr. Charles Buller was a dangerous man to tilt with, and his Lordship was fortunately not a member of the Commons the other night, when that gentleman brought forward the affairs of that colony. Ministers will in all probability, shield the colleague whom they know not how to get rid of with a good grace, his Lordship will shield Capt. Fitzroy, for the sake of apparent consistency, and the New Zealand Company will be gulled, and the public abused, because the great official is the legitimate heir to a distinguished name and title, and moreover *rattled* into the party it is now his duty to serve.

The lay college scheme for Ireland, proceeds almost as smoothly as the Maynooth endowment bill has done; we perceive that it is proposed to meet the objection against the so called No-religion instruction, by inserting a clause to the effect that the governing body may make bye-laws with regard to Divine worship, but which must have the sanction of the crown.

The project of reconciling conflicting claims to the throne of Spain by marrying the "Prince of the Asturias," to the Queen *de facto* of that country is not quite so facile an affair as people imagine. It is said that her majesty of Spain is anything but loveable, and that the prince is yet too young to sacrifice his taste and feelings at the shrine of ambition. This is to be regretted; princes do but seldom make marriages of affection, and if it be really so that such a union would stop a future effusion of blood, solder up old grievances, and place Spain itself once more among the *Powers* of Europe, the prince would perform an act of great patriotism in making such a sacrifice; though the Spanish soldiers of fortune who at present have forced themselves to the head of the young queen's counsels, are likely to boggle at a project which threatens the destruction of their influence,—unless indeed they have already measured his wisdom and analysed his brain, and have found him of a calibre adopted to be the tool of their projects and the stepping stone of their progress to wealth, honours, and power.



TEXAS.—The long-mooted question as to the annexation of Texas to the United States of America is at length decided. The U. S. Steamer Princeton, Capt. Stockton, brings authentic intelligence that both houses of the Texan Legislature have agreed unanimously to the terms of the joint resolution of the United States on that subject; and by resolution the executive of Texas is required to surrender, to the proper U. S. authorities all Navy Yards, Barracks, military Posts, defences, &c. &c. This important affair was concluded on the 14th June, and the news reached Washington on the evening of the 3d inst. The following is the

## JOINT RESOLUTION.

Giving the consent of the existing government to the Annexation of Texas to the United States.

Whereas the government of the United States has proposed the following terms, guarantees, and conditions, on which the people and territory of the republic of Texas may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas, and admitted as one of the States of the American Union, to wit:

[Here follow the resolutions of the United States Congress.]

And whereas, by said terms, the consent of the existing government of Texas is required: Therefore,

SEC. 1. *Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the republic of Texas, in Congress assembled,* That the government of Texas doth consent that the people and territory of the republic of Texas may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas, with a republican form of government, to be adopted by the people of said republic, by deputies in convention assembled, in order that the same may be admitted as one of the States of the American Union; and said consent is given on the terms, guarantees, and conditions, set forth in the preamble to this joint resolution.

SEC. 2. *Be it further resolved,* That the proclamation of the President of the republic of Texas bearing date May 5, 1845, and the election of deputies to sit in convention at Austin, on the 4th day of July next, for the adoption of a constitution for the State of Texas, had in accordance therewith, hereby receive the consent of the existing government of Texas.

SEC. 3. *Be it further resolved,* That the President of Texas is hereby requested immediately to furnish the government of the United States, through their accredited minister near this government, with a copy of this joint resolution; also to furnish the convention, to assemble at Austin, on the 4th of July next, with a copy of the same; and the same shall take effect from and after its passage.

It is of course known that negotiations have been on foot for the recognition by Mexico of Texan independence, to be based on the condition that the latter country should not join herself to any other country; the wishes of the people of Texas, however, prevailed, and the annexation is the chosen alternative. The consummation of this treaty may possibly involve the United States and Mexico in war, but in the present condition of the latter it is worth while for her to consider the prudence of such a step. She will not obtain assistance from any other country, and her very claims on Texas are now worse than questionable; nevertheless there are fiery spirits in Mexico, which may urge government into acts calculated to damage its position considerably, if not to shake its political integrity.

A great deal of the future conduct of Mexico in the premises will depend upon the election of a President there, which will take place on the 1st of August ensuing. The candidates are General Herrera who is the present President, General Almonte who was lately the Mexican Minister at Washington, and Gomez Arias who was some time an exile. It said that the last mentioned is the most popular candidate.

QUEBEC.—Again has this ill-fated city been the victim of conflagration, to an extent almost if not quite as great as that which befel but a few weeks before 1300 dwellings have been consumed by the devouring element on this occasion only, and 6000 persons have thereby been rendered unsheltered and homeless. The news has fallen like a blight on the merchants and inhabitants of New York, who were actively engaged in collecting subscriptions in aid of the sufferers of the previous occasion. We are sure that it will not paralyse their generous exertions, but it certainly struck them with momentary consternation. Occasions of this kind are, we perceive, never lost by the citizens of New York who are frank and open-hearted to relieve distresses of which their own experience has made them but too cognisant. We have not learned the amount of actual destruction but are thankful that the loss of life has not been great as might have been predicated of a mischief of that magnitude.

At least two thirds of Quebec are now levelled to the ground and it will be next to a miracle to see it recovered to its former condition.

## The Drama.

PARK THEATRE, FRENCH OPERA.—"Robert le Diable" was given on Monday and Wednesday, with the same success that attended it last week, and before large and very fashionable audiences. The only objection we have to this magnificent opera, is its length: we have seen many leaving the house before the end, and it is a real pity to lose the 5th act. Could not the ballet be abridged? Miss Turnbull is quite a seduction, no doubt, but seduction scenes are generally short, and Miss Turnbull takes a quarter of an hour, before she fascinates Robert.—We do not mean anything invidious to any artiste in presenting these observations; on the contrary, if we speak thus it is with the intention of suggesting reforms profitable to all.

On Thursday, "Don Cesar De Bazan" was produced for the 1st time. Every one is aware that the English drama of the same name, is borrowed from the French. The play being generally known in this city, we shall only express our satisfaction at its excellent representation. The Don Cesar of Mr. Montassier, was particularly fine. We have seen with pleasure that several of our English actors are attending the French theatre pretty often; so it is with all the musical professors of New York. No doubt every one will find in it pleasure and profit at the same time.

Last night "La Favorite" was again given, and we doubt not, with great success. On Monday next the *reprise* of "La Fille du regiment," a new tri-

umph for the ravissante Mlle. Calve. Vast preparations are taking place for "La Juive," which will be performed either on Wednesday or Friday, with a delightful ballet. In our next we shall speak at some length of Halevy's masterpiece.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The main attractions at this charming place of summer resort, during the past week have been, "The Seven Castles of the Passions," and the "Acrobat" troupe, they have, however, been real attractions, and this place has had its nightly numerous visitors. On Saturday last, the Gymnasts took their benefit, which was a tolerable one only.—The public will not go to Saturday benefits, though it is a most ridiculous objection. On that evening, Miss Taylor looked, acted, and sang in a manner far surpassing our expectations, so much so that either a new development of her qualifications has suddenly been made, or she must have placed herself under able instructors; she certainly was captivating as "The Trumpeter's Daughter," and received both applauses and bouquets, particularly after dancing the Polka with Roberts, in which they were encored. By the bye there is fine playful fancy about Mr. Roberts' comedy, and he will be likely to become a favorite in this country.

We perceive that Mrs. Mowatt has made an engagement here, and will make her appearance on Monday evening as *Pauline*, in the "Lady of Lyons." We do not question the lady's power of attraction wherever she may appear, but we do greatly doubt whether a summer audience here will sit out a five act play. Mr. Niblo has liberally supplied a cast to play to her acting, so that general effects may not be marred through a paucity of actors. Crisp will be the Claude Melnotte.

## Literary Notices.

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE DISEASES MOST FATAL TO CHILDREN; with reference to the propriety of treating them as proceeding from Irritation, and not from Inflammation.—By P. Hood, General Practitioner in Medicine and Surgery.—London: John Churchill.—1 vol. 12mo, pp. 232.

Amid the general improvement in the Sciences and Arts, which characterises the present age, it would be strange indeed if the art of healing—the "destructive art of healing," as Byron called it, in a sort of prophecy as to his own melancholy end—should not feel a portion of the impetus. All reflecting persons must long ago have perceived that the subject of treating disease, is in a state of fermentation, and that the public mind is dissatisfied. This has been abundantly manifested by the multiplication of nostrums and quack remedies, and the public announcement of a constant succession of new modes of treatment, most of which "strut their brief hour" and are forgotten. Among the few who have brought good sense and a sound philosophy into the investigation of the important subject of the diseases incident to our race, is the author of the work under consideration. He has come up to the task like a man, and has produced a book which stamps him as a benefactor of his kind. Mr. Hood's object is to demonstrate, and he does it most conclusively, that the treatment of the diseases of children has hitherto been wholly erroneous, so much so indeed, that the treatment is more fatal than the diseases themselves. The leech and the lancet—the latter, to quote poor Byron again, "more destructive than the lance," are shown to be great foes to infant life. The author states that according to the report of the Registrar General for 1841, the number of deaths of infants under five years of age in England and Wales, constituted forty per cent of ALL the deaths, and that the diseases incidental to childhood are twice as fatal in the towns, as they are in the country. In the city of New York, according to our City Inspectors report for 1843, the deaths of infants under five years, formed 48½ per cent., or nearly one half of the whole. Under circumstances like these, "what is the use," asks Mr. Hood very pertinently, "of the Doctor? Does he assist nature in carrying out the law, (of nature, so styled) or has he any power to suspend it? Is he called in to remedy medicable ills; or to lull with delusive hope the anxiety of the parents, till death slips in and reveals the distressing truth?"—In the page following that from which we quote, Mr. Hood exposes the fallacy under which the medical profession has been so blindly yet universally led to sanction a practice the results of which are so deplorable. "The muscular organization of infants is extremely feeble and imperfectly developed; the whole external power of the child consisting of little else than fat and cellular substance. It is this fat which pervades the whole body, and gives the beauty of colour to a healthy child. It is undoubtedly designed as a protective against the sudden vicissitudes of temperature and the accidents to which the infant state is liable. A child never attempts to save itself when falling; it has implanted in it an instinct that restrains it from exertion, which if it had not, might often be attended with dangerous consequences. It is this plumpness in children which has led to the error, that 'fullness' is a peculiarity of the infant constitution; and from this plumpness some have been so rash as to conclude that their little bodies abound with blood, and that they are better able to spare it than adults." Again—"The quantity of blood in infants is very small in proportion to that of adults. I once had an opportunity of seeing a child which had been bled to death from the application of two leeches."

From all this, it follows that the author's mode of treatment is diametrically opposite to that which hitherto has generally prevailed. Of its great efficacy and success, his book contains abundant testimony, fully justifying him in his object of calling the attention not only of medical men, but of all persons who may be interested in the matter, to the investigation of the mode of treatment which may be most appropriate in the more serious diseases of children.

P.S.—We learn that the above work is favourably and justly spoken of by Dr. Turner, of this city, the American editor of Dr. Dickson's "Principles of Chrono-Thermal system of Medicine," a kindred production with that of Mr. Hood, though, as its title implies, of a more comprehensive scope.—Published by Mr. Redfield, Clinton Hall.

The Harpers have just published part 10, of their elegant edition of Dr. COPLAND'S DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE, a work we have so often and so earnestly commended to our non-professional, as well as professional friends.

SATANSTOE, OR THE LITTLEPAGE MANUSCRIPTS.—By J. F. Cooper.—New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.—Mr. Cooper has returned to his native State for the scene of his narrative; he makes it commence many years before the War of the Revolution, and the prefatory matter gives us to know that there will be supplementary volumes, bringing affairs down to the present period. We fancy that there will be found, in the whole work, something of politics, something of sarcasm, and a sly innuendo here and there of a personal nature. These earlier volumes are written in a style of simplicity suitable to a single minded country citizen three quarters of a century ago.



## DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

## Music.

## MEYERBEER.\*

In the month of October, 1801, there was, in the city of Berlin, a young pianist of only 9 years of age, who played, extempore, with so much facility, and who executed on the pianoforte with so much firmness and decision, that all the city was in astonishment, and the tumult thereupon was almost like an absolute revolution. The journals of the day seemed unable to find words sufficiently forcible to eulogise the little prodigy, the phenomenon of a child, and the general exclamation was "He is a new Mozart!" The remarkable boy, who at that early age produced such a sensation, was a young Jew, then called Liebman Beer, but who is now known as GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

Meyer Liebman Beer was born at Berlin in 1791. His father was a banker in that city, and attained considerable eminence there. The son of the rich banker received an excellent education, but as soon as his strong inclination for music was ascertained, he was permitted to follow the bent of his desires. He first took lessons on the Pianoforte from Lancka, and afterwards from Clementi, an able pianist who formed the school of art to which that instrument is under so many obligations. But it was under the learned Abbé Vogler of Darmstadt that Meyerbeer studied composition. That illustrious professor had a school celebrated throughout all Germany, into which he received none but pupils who manifested a high degree of genius and happy musical organization. Here Meyerbeer had for his fellow-pupils Ritter, Knecht, Winter, Gamsbacher, and the sublime author of "Der Freyschütz." The lessons were taken in common, and the same subject of composition was given to all;—an excellent system for exciting emulation, and for developing the peculiar genius of each. All the pupils wrote much, and particularly in the religious and severe departments of composition.

About the year 1810, Meyerbeer gave an Oratorio called "God and Nature" which, according to the most celebrated critics is a very remarkable work. The earliest dramatic essays of the Maestro were not so happy. "The Vow of Jephtha," an opera seria in three acts, represented at Munich in 1812, was unsuccessful; "The Two Caliphs," a comic opera, first played at Stuttgart and afterwards at Vienna in 1814, was likewise quite a failure, and justly so; for Meyerbeer had written these operas in the sombre, serious, monotonous, and severe style of Church music, his vocal parts were not favourable to voices, and altogether he had been quite mistaken in his conception of the lyrical drama. Fortunately he was well advised to go to Italy where the author of "Tancredi" was already creating a general enthusiasm; he became enamoured of the Italian style, and a *Rossinist*. He studied voices and vocal arrangement, and made his *début* at Padua, on the 19th July, 1817. His opera, "Romilda e Constanza," admirably sung by Madame Pizaroni, made a strong and favourable sensation. In 1819 he gave, at Turin, "Semiramide riconosciuta," and at Venice "Emma di Resburgo." This last had a most brilliant success in Italy, but when played in Berlin in 1820 it did not make any impression on the public, and when it was represented at Vienna under the name of "Emma de Leicester," the Viennese critics called Meyerbeer a servile imitator of Rossini.

At this period the *Maestro* wrote an opera which was intended for performance on the occasion of a national festival, but the work arrived too late and has never been played. Meyerbeer then returned to Italy to the theatre of La Scala, at Milan, where his "Margarita d'Anjou" obtained a triumphant run in 1822. This opera translated into French, had but a very indifferent success. "L'Ersule di Granata" (Milan 1823), was well known and very successful in Italy only, whilst "Il Crociato in Egitto," given at Venice in 1825, made a most decided hit both in Paris and London. Some of our readers have doubtless had the good fortune to hear Madame Pasta in that remarkable score.

Meyerbeer, proud of his success in Italy and France, returned to his native city, where justice was rendered to him as a composer, and where he married in 1827. Twice a father, he lost both his children, and his grief was so excessive that he left the city and retired to a country solitude. To this retreat, the consequence of a continued sorrow and melancholy is attributed the change operated in his style of composition. The *Maestro* in fact forgot all the florid imaginings, the playful lightness of Italian music, to return to the religious works of earlier years, and to invest the lyric drama, too late, with a new *façon* and manner. During these two years of meditation and regrets, Meyerbeer composed a "Stabat," a "Miserere," a "Te Deum," twelve Psalms, and eight *cantiques* upon the words of the great poet Klopstock. At length, after two years of special labour, and difficulties of every description, the great composer gave his "Robert le Diable." It was performed for the first time, on the 21st Nov., 1831, with the following cast:—Robert (Ad. Nourrit), Bertram (Levasseur), Raimbaud (Lafond), Alice (Mlle. Dorus), Isabelle (Madame Damoreau). The success of this score was extraordinary, and perfectly epidemic. All Europe has enthusiastically applauded this opera, of which the third and the fifth acts in particular, are full of beauties of the highest order.

May we venture to say it? "Robert le Diable," notwithstanding its European success, seems not to us to be an irreproachable work. In our opinion, it wants more homogeneity, more play, connection, and more melodies of a similar and true inspiration. What we chiefly object to in the "Robert," is certain common and vulgar passages, such as we could suppose borrowed from old

popular airs, and what the French call "*Pont-neufs*," and besides, the music itself is sometimes a little affected. Listen, for instance, to the simple modulation on the *Palme Triomphale* (3d act, 1st part, solo of Robert), and say if it be a triumph of natural melody?

It is said, and often written, that Meyerbeer has too much instrumentation, too much science. We do not agree to it. This master shines, doubtless, above all by his knowledge, and no one instruments better than he; but it is not correct that he has too many harmonic and instrumental beauties. The truth is that he has not a sufficient number of ideas "*prime santieres*," as Montaigne says,—he has not the constant power of fancy and creation which makes Rossini the greatest composer of our age. There is never too much science when the genius of melody governs profound knowledge, but when the inspiration of the heart is defective, the science only is apparent, and seems sometimes too heavy to fastidious judges or to ignorant amateurs.

After so immense a success as that of "Robert le Diable," Meyerbeer was in no hurry to produce a new work; but as he could not otherwise get rid of the importunities of his numerous admirers, he published three or four detached pieces. We shall cite only "Le Moine," a dramatic piece very difficult to sing, but which, interpreted by Levasseur or by Gerald, touches the innermost recesses of the heart. At length the *Maestro* brought forward another composition; "Les Huguenots" was given on the 29th Feb., 1836. We were present at the first two representations of it. The impression produced by that magnificent score was singular; the massess of the audience felt, as it were, galvanised by the effects, as at the "Robert le Diable." The success, however, was but slow and difficult of attainment. We recollect a single expression of the discerning Rossini, which includes, perhaps, the two styles—"One ought to hear that music," said he, "a hundred times." Did he mean that it was so delightful that one ought to hear and enjoy it a hundred times in succession, or would he convey that the music was so difficult as to require a hundred hearings to understand it thoroughly? The wily Italian has taken care that the translation should remain an ambiguity. It is certain, however, that "Les Huguenots" has never become so popular as "Robert." No matter! The fourth act of "Les Huguenots" is not the less a *chef d'œuvre*, and one of the author's best productions.

"La Benediction des Poignards" is the *ne plus ultra* of this *maestro*, and whatever he may write in future he cannot surpass this; and this sublime piece is so much more remarkable from the fact that Meyerbeer generally was not successful in his finales. The finales of the first and fourth act of "Robert," are very feeble; the finale of the third act of "Les Huguenots" is perhaps more scientific, but resembles very much a *toku-boku*. But the chorus of the fourth act, after which the curtain should fall, and which by consequence is a real finale, the chorus most certainly can finish, like the finales of "Il Don Giovanni," of "Mose," and of "Guillaume Tell."

Our readers are aware that at the beginning of last winter, Meyerbeer produced, at Berlin, a new work to be adapted to a French scene, and which has the title of "Le Camp de Silesie." This composition has been too much eulogised by the Berlin Journalists, and is not of the importance they have deigned to attach to it. Meyerbeer is at present in Paris, a city for which he has a great regard; much is said there of his "Prophete," and of his "Africaine," but these two works are yet only in progress, and may never be performed.

We shall conclude with a single remark. Rossini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, after having obtained the most marked success in Italy, have all three come to establish themselves in France. Instead of the soft Tuscan language, they have preferred the French idiom as better adapted to lyric expression. They have more or less changed their style, and, submitting themselves much to the French taste, they have arrived at the highest degree of perfection which each of them is able to reach. This is glory for France, and in our quality of a Frenchman, we have pleasure in noting it. Our national pride will be pardoned if, we add that it is to a French Company that America owes the knowledge of "Guillaume Tell," "Robert le Diable," and "Les Huguenots."

G. C.

\* We give free utterance to our valued correspondent's concluding remark, because it contains a praise-worthy expression of his *amor patriæ*, but we would not be understood entirely to coincide with him in his deductions, from some of which, indeed, we certainly dissent.—Ed. Ang. Am.

MUSIC AS AN INTEGRAL BRANCH OF GENERAL EDUCATION.—We have inserted again and again, and whenever we could have opportunity to introduce the subject, that Music ought for numerous reasons to form an essential constituent of the education of youth. It skills not at this moment to enter upon a discussion of its advantages, we have detailed them frequently before now, and may take the matter up many times after this; but we allude to the matter at present in order to state that we have been present at an institution in this city where Music is a distinct and positive branch of education, where it has been so, ever since the establishment was founded, where it flourishes with advantage both to the pupils and to the noble science, and where it sets a commendable example to other institutions of a like nature. We allude to the New York Rutgers' Institute for Female Education, where we witnessed with emotions of sincere delight an exhibition of the exercises of music as performed by the pupils, and the pleasure which they appeared to take in them, and the cheerful, happy, and healthy expression of all who were engaged in them, convinced us, if conviction were necessary, of the vast utility of this charming study and practice.

\* For full and ample information concerning this composer, see the Leipzig Gazette, the Leipzig Conversations Lexicon, Fetis' "Biographie Universelle," M. de Loménie's witty article, and George Sand's "Lettres à un voyageur."



But it seems we were not aware of the extent to which Music has been called forth as an educational course, in the State of New York; in that of Massachusetts we have long been aware that it was greatly encouraged. Dr. Reece, however, has recently reported to the Secretary of State on this subject; he is the County Superintendent, and we copy from the *Courier & Enquirer* of this city the following extract from that report:

"Vocal music is also practically cultivated in nearly all these schools at brief intervals of relaxation from severer duties, though not made the subject of stated lessons; and in several of the schools the exercises in this department exhibit excellent taste and skill. I regard this as a real improvement, physically, mentally, and morally, while its kindly social influences are peculiarly happy, by reason of their being taught to sing in concert. My observation disposes me to favor every effort to encourage singing in our schools, believing it to be a healthful exercise for the young, and therefore a legitimate part of physical education. Moreover, it is a department of moral training, calculated to soften and refine the manners, and to cultivate those habits of cheerfulness and mutual kindness, which it is most desirable to cherish among the pupils of our schools. It is said to have promoted punctual and regular attendance in some of the schools, and promises to correct the great evil of absenteeism by rendering the school exercises more attractive and interesting. To make the school the most delightful and pleasant place of resort for our children is the dictate both of policy and duty; nor can we thus fail to secure both their attendance and improvement."

The learned Superintendent here alludes to the public schools in his jurisdiction, and states the participants in these advantages and pleasures to amount to upwards of 20,000. We bid "God speed" to all these valuable introductions, and we trust the time is not far off when the system will be universal in seminaries, whether public or private.

#### EXETER-HALL.

The choral meeting of John Hullah's "Upper Singing Schools" was a "great" choral meeting, for the semi-chorus numbered 500 voices, and the chorus 1,500. We did not count, but the assemblage looked large enough to vouch for the truth of the bills.

Truly they form an imposing spectacle these crowded vocalists, who reach from the orchestra to the gallery in the great room; who, composed of all ages and both sexes, follow with so much earnestness the direction of Mr. Hullah, swelling and subduing their voices with such serious purpose, marking the time with so much solemnity. All these people are but amateurs—person who find in these singing-classes a source of recreation from other pursuits, and throw themselves into the cause with the greatest zeal. Dispute the method of teaching as much as you please, but do not dispute the fact that it has created a taste for music among numbers who would never have thought of it, for there stand, or rather sit, hundreds of ardent, zealous, indefatigable proofs to the contrary. Nay, do not dispute the method too readily, for if the gigantic chorus does not accomplish all that might be desired, a great degree of precision is attained considering the circumstances, laudable pains being taken to enforce the observance of the *forte* and the *piano*. The ear in time grows accustomed to the volume of sound, but the first effect of so many voices is almost sublime. Really these meetings should not be missed; they are a "great fact."

As on a similar occasion last year, the first part of the performance consisted of sacred, and the second of profane—we beg pardon—"secular" music; but the curiosity of the evening was old Tallis's "song of forty parts," which was sung between. Every reader of the history of music recollects this elaborate composition of one of the marvels of English musical art, wherewith the reign of Queen Elizabeth was adorned. But it has little more than a historical existence, for, except in 1836, when it was executed by the Madrigal Society, there is no record of its performance. Hence it was a most creditable effort on the part of Mr. Hullah to train his pupils into the performance of a work which was at once so great a rarity and so admirable an exercise. They only *solfad* it, the English words which were written to it in the reign of one of the Charles's being too trashy for endurance. As the work can never become popular, being long in fact to those musical pedantries which existed in the early days of art, and as therefore it may be many years before it is played again, the following account of it by Dr. Burney may not be misplaced, though it must be remarked that Mr. Hullah's copy does not exactly correspond with that consulted by the musical historian:—

"This wonderful effort of harmonical abilities is not divided into *choirs* of four parts, soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, in each, like the compositions *à molti cori* of Benevoli, and others; but consists of eight sopranos, placed under each of other, eight mezzo-sopranos, eight counter-tenors, eight tenors, and eight basses, with one line allotted to the organ. All these several parts, as may be imagined, are not in simple counterpoint, or fitted up in mere harmony without meaning or design, but have each a share in the short subjects of fatigue and imitation, which are introduced upon every change of words.

"The first subject is begun in *sol* (G) by the first mezzo-soprano, and answered in *re* (D), the fifth above, by the first soprano; the second mezzo-soprano in like manner beginning in *sol* (G), is answered in the octave below by the first tenor; and that by the first counter-tenor in *re* (D) the fifth above; then the first bass has the subject in *re* (D), the octave below the counter-tenor; then thus all the 40 *real* parts are severally introduced, when the whole vocal phalanx is employed at once for about 12 bars. After which a new subject is led off by the lowest bass, and pursued by other parts, severally, for about 48 bars, when there is another general chorus of all the parts; and thus this stupendous specimen of human labour and intellect is carried on in alternate flight, pursuit, attack, and choral union, to the end, when this polyphonic phenomenon is terminated by 24 bars of universal chorus, in *quadrantissima* harmony."

The room was very full, and the several visitors of distinction were heartily welcomed.

#### THE BLUES AGAIN.

For some time past we had hoped that this bold and courageous regiment had been wholly extricated from its little pecuniary difficulties. Judge, then, of our horror at finding that "Mr. Dixon is instructed by the Commanding Officer to bring twenty very superior long-tailed troop-horses to the hammer."

It is terrible to think that an auctioneer should knock down, at last, those noble beasts which have stood unflinching and unfelled before the fire of the enemy. But the worst of all is the sort of people whose attention is invited to the sale of the once proud but now degraded animals. "Job and

funeral masters, omnibus proprietors, and tradesmen," are called upon to suit themselves from this stock of splendid troopers; and it is possible that the same noble brute who was never in the rear may be compelled to bring up the van, loaded with second-hand furniture. The charger that once revelled in danger, may be doomed to have an ignoble patent safety ever dangling at its heels; or may be attached to one of those omnibuses that will mock its most cherished *souvenirs* with the name of Waterloo painted on its panels.

We understand that several of the old soldiers were greatly affected at having to part with their horses, and were in all directions seen cutting off locks of the animals' tails—most of them, by-the-by, are sham—to keep in remembrance of the animals from whom they were about to separate. One old veteran, who took them to Dixon's yard, was so much affected, that the following pathetic ballad suggested itself to the mind of a sentimental bystander:—

#### AIR.—"The Soldier's Tear."

Upon the ground he stood,  
To take the last fond look  
At the troopers as he entered them  
In Mister Dixon's book.  
He listened to the neigh  
So familiar to his ear;  
But the soldier thought of bills to pay,  
And wiped away a tear.  
Beside the stable door,  
A mare fell on her knees;  
She cock'd aloft her crow-black tail,  
Which fluttered in the breeze.  
She seemed to breathe a pray'r,  
A prayer he could not hear;  
For the soldier felt his pockets bare,  
And wiped away a tear.  
The soldier blew his nose,  
Oh, do not deem him weak!  
To meet his creditors he knows  
He's not sufficient cheek.  
Go read the writ-book through,  
And 'mid the names, I fear,  
You're sure to find the very Blue  
Who wiped away the tear.

*Master Wood.*—We saw advertised the other day, in the *Times*, a "Mahogany child's chair." We have heard of wooden-headed boys who won't or can't learn at school; but we should be curious to see this mahogany child whose chair is announced for sale in the public journals.

**A SAFE MEDICINE.**—The use of the BRANDRETH PILLS can in no case do injury, because they are made of those herbs and roots which experience has fully proved always harmonize with the human body. The omission of purging with them in cases of sickness, is often the cause of a long attack, often ending only by a cessation of life.

How important it is that this course should be pursued—it will not only be the surest means of restoring, but it will in a great measure prevent the recurrence of constitutional maladies; it will surely weaken the malignity of the attacks and in time secure robust health.

My Friends may rest satisfied that I shall, so long as my life and energies are permitted me, by an OVER-RULING PROVIDENCE, attend personally to the Brandreth Pills, and that those properties which have thus far rendered them so popular, will be still continued unimpaired.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

**THE BRANDRETH PILLS**, as a general family medicine, especially in a country so subject to sudden changes of tempera are most useful, because they are localisable. By having the Brandreth Pills always on hand, should a sudden attack of sickness take place, they can be given at once, and will often have effected a cure before the physician could have arrived.

In cholera or inflammation of the bowels, these Pills will at once relieve, and preserve balance in their use, according to the directions, will surely do all that medicine can do, to restore the health of the patient.

In all cases of Indigestion, Worms, Asthma, Diseases of the Heart, and all affections of the stomach and bowels, the Brandreth Pills will be found a never-failing remedy.

To insure the full benefit of these celebrated Pills, they should be kept in the house, so that, upon the first commencement of sickness, they may be at once resorted to. One dose then is better than a dozen after disease has become established in the system.

Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-street, New York, and Mrs. Booth's, 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

**ALEXANDER WATSON**, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office No. 77 Nassau Street—House No. 426 Broome Street—Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City, without any extra charge. (My 24-ly.)

#### CRICKET CHALLENGE

**THE ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB** and Ground of New York, will play any Eleven players in Canada, a friendly Home-and-Home-Match, this Season; one Match to be played on the GROUND AT MONTREAL, and the other on the St. George's Ground, New York.

The acceptors of this Challenge may have the option of naming on which ground the first Match shall be played, to take place on or before the 31st July, and the Return Match in the month of August ensuing—Address

R. N. TINSON,

President, N.Y.

**SUPERIOR PRIVATE APARTMENTS, WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD.**—A limited number of Gentlemen, or married couples, but without young child en, may be accommodated with spacious apartments in one of the most eligible locations of the city; and with any proportion of board that may best suit their requirements. The most unexceptionable references will be given and required. Apply at No. 137 Hudson Street, in St. John's Park.

#### JAMES PIRSSON,

#### PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER,

No. 88, 90 and 92 Walker Street, near Elm.

A large stock of the finest Instruments always on hand.

TERMS MODERATE.

[Ju7-6m.

**M. RADER**, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety.

Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco. (Ju7-ly.



**JOHN HERDMAN'S OLD ESTABLISHED EMIGRANT PASSAGE OFFICE,** 61 South Street, New York.—The Subscriber, in calling the attention of his friends and the public to his long established arrangements for bringing out persons from Great Britain and Ireland, who may be sent for by their friends, begs to state that, in consequence of the great increase in this branch of his business, and in order to preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant, he, at great expense, in addition to his regular agents at Liverpool, appointed Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, who has been a faithful clerk in the establishment for the last 8 years, to proceed to Liverpool and remain there during the emigration season, to superintend the embarkation of passengers engaged here. The ships employed in this line are well known to be only of the first class and very fast-sailing, commanded by kind and experienced men, and as they sail from Liverpool every five days, reliance may be placed that passengers will receive every attention and be promptly despatched. With such superior arrangements, the Subscriber looks forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to him for so many years past, and should any of those sent for decline coming, the passage money will as usual be refunded, and passages from the different ports of Ireland and Scotland can also be secured if desired. For further particulars, apply to

HERDMAN, 61 South-st., near Wall-st., N.Y.

Agency in Liverpool:—  
Messrs J. & W. Robinson, No. 5 Baltic Buildings, and  
Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, No. 1 Neptune-st., Waterloo Dock.  
Drafts and Exchange from £1 upwards, can be furnished, payable without charge, at all the principal Banking institutions throughout Great Britain and Ireland, a list of which can be seen at the office. My24-tf.

#### DR. POWELL AND DR. DIOSY,

Oculists and Ophthalmic Surgeons, 261 Broadway, cor. Warren-st.,

CONFINE their practice to Diseases of the Eye, Operations upon that Organ and its Appendages, and all Imperfections of Vision. Testimonials from the most eminent medical men of Europe and America. Reference to patients that have been perfectly cured of Amaurosis, Cataract, Ophthalmia, Nebula, or Specs on the Eye, Strabismus or Squinting, &c.

**ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED** without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

**SPECTACLES**—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. The poor treated gratuitously from 4 to 6 P.M.

Persons at a distance can receive advice and medicine by accurately describing their case. Jy 12-tf.

#### ALBION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

Established in 1805—Empowered by Act of Parliament.

**CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING, or \$5,000,000.**

JOSEPH FOWLER and R. S. BUCHANAN, No. 27 Wall street, opposite to the Bank of Commerce, as General Agents, are duly empowered to receive, and confirm at once, all eligible risks for Insurance on Single Lives, Joint Lives, and Survivorship Annuities, on the same favourable terms as at the London Office.

**ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY:—**  
Perfect Security—arising from a large paid up capital, totally independent of the premium fund.

Participation at once in all the profits of the Company.  
Low Premiums for short term of Life.

Life Policy holders' premium reduced every three years.

Bonus of eighty per cent—or 4-5ths of the Profits returned to the Policy holders every three years at compound interest.

Paid up in cash, or taken in reduction of the annual premium, or in augmentation of the sum insured, at the option of the policy holder.

A fair compensation on all the surrender of Life Policies to the Company.

#### Example of Rates for the Insurance of \$100.

Age next birth day	For ONE Year.	For SEVEN Years.	For whole Life without profits.	For whole Life with profits.
25	.92	1.03	1.92	2.17
30	1.00	1.13	2.19	2.48
35	1.18	1.25	2.55	2.88
40	1.31	1.44	3.00	3.39

From the above it will be seen that the Albion offers all the advantages of a Mutual Company, with the important addition of a large paid up Capital; and by paying the premium in cash the policy holders receive an advantage during their own lives by a reduction of the premium, and the premium ceases, when they still continue to participate in the profits of the Co.

The public is respectfully requested to call at the Agency and examine the superior advantages offered by this Company—in its rate and economical rates of premium—which may be attributed to the extraordinary success which has hitherto attended its operations of the oldest and most respectable Companies in England.

Insurance at all ages from 10 to 74 years, from \$500 to \$15,000 on a single life.

#### Medical Examiners.

J. W. FRANCIS, M.D., No. 1 Bond street.

J. BEALES, Esq., M.D., 543 Broadway.

Freezing limits very liberal. The necessary forms, and every information may be obtained by application to

JOSEPH FOWLER, R. S. BUCHANAN, 27 Wallstreet.

Jy 12-tf.

#### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

GENELEMEN or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as WEARING APPAREL, either Ladies or Gentlemen's, JEWELLERY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c., by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same.

H. LEVETT, Office No. 2 Wall-street, N.Y.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment.  
All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to. My24-ly.

#### PHRENOLOGY.

**FOWLER'S Free PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET OF THE BUSTS AND SKULLS** of distinguished men, criminals, and rare animals.—No. 131 Nassau Street, where may also be had FOWLER'S PHRENOLOGY; the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, a monthly work of 32 pages, having an extended circulation, and becoming highly popular. PHRENOLOGY applied to Education and Self-Improvement, and Matrimony, Memory, Fertilety, Descent, &c. &c. PHRENOLOGICAL BUSTS for Learners, &c.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS with Professional advice and directions for Self-Improvement, the Preservation and Restoration of Health, the Management of Children, &c. Probably no other way can money be better spent than in obtaining this knowledge of one's self, and of human nature given by this science of man. (M1-4m.)

#### TO EMIGRANTS,

AND OTHERS MAKING REMITTANCES TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

**DRAFTS FOR ANY AMOUNT** on all the Branches of THE PROVINCIAL BANK, IRELAND, and THE NATIONAL BANK, SCOTLAND, RICH'D BELL & WM. McLACHLAN, 6 and 7 Dorry's Buildings, Hanover-St.

Also, BILLS on the BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, LONDON, and its branches in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. Jy18-6m.

#### WILSON'S HOTEL & DINING ROOMS.

No. 5 Gold Street, (near Maiden Lane), New York.

**HENRY WILSON** (late of Brooklyn) begs to inform his friends, and the Public generally, that he has opened the above Establishment, and he respectfully solicits the patronage of all who are fond of good and substantial living, and comfortable accommodations.

The house has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished in every department, and the very best of every description of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, Domestic and Imported Ales and Ports, will be provided.

An ordinary will be served up every day from 1 to 3 o'clock P.M.; and refreshments will be furnished at any hour during the day and evening. Mr.29-tf.

#### WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that the above Hotel, situate in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, Superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Table will be plentifully supplied with the Substantials and Luxuries of the Season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest WINES and LIQUORS. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Excellent and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

My31-tf.

BELL & INGLIS.

#### GUNTER'S DINING SALOON,

No. 147 Fulton Street, New York.

**H. H. GUNTER** having taken the above house, begs leave respectfully to inform his numerous friends in the City and Country that the Establishment has under his charge undergone a thorough renovation, and it now affords one of the most elegant and eligible places of refreshment in the City, for visitors or those whose business or professional pursuits require them to be in the lower part of the city during the hours of Meals.

H. H. G. would also assure those who may be disposed to favor him with their patronage, that while the viands shall in all cases be the best the markets can afford, the charges will at all times be confined within the limits of the most rigid economy.

Open on Sundays.

Jy 14-6m.

**THE FOLLOWING WORKS BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, CONSTANTLY FOR SALE BY EDMUND BALDWIN,** No. 155 Broadway, New York.

1. A Series of Geographical Maps, forming a complete Modern and Ancient Atlas, comprising 106 Nos.: The Stars in 6 Maps; The Terrestrial Globe on the Gnomonic Projection in 6 sheets, and an Index to the Principal places in the World. Also, handsomely bound in 2 vols., & Russia.

2. The Library of Useful Knowledge. Of the First Series of this Work, 326 Nos. are published, and of the New Series 53 Nos., any of which may be procured separately to complete sets.

3. The Farmers' Series of the Library of Useful Knowledge.—Forming a complete Farmer's Library,—consisting of the following subjects:—

1. The Horse, complete in one volume.
2. Cattle, " " "
3. Sheep, " " "
4. British Husbandry, in 3 vols., published also in numbers. Any Volume or Nos. sold separately.

English Books in every branch of Literature imported to order, by every Packet and Steamer. My10-tf.

#### NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF LONDON.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

**CAPITAL £500,000 STERLING, OR \$2,500,000.**

**ADVANTAGES ARE HELD OUT BY THIS INSTITUTION WHICH CAN BE OFFERED BY NO OTHER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING AN AGENCY IN THE UNITED STATES.**

General Agent for the United States and British North American Colonies.

J. LEANDER STARR, No. 74 Wall Street, New York.

Physicians to the Society, (Medical Examiners)

J. KEARNEY RODGERS, M.D., 110 Bleeker Street.

ALEXANDER E. HOSACK, M.D., 101 Franklin Street.

BANKERS.

THE MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

SOLICITOR

WILLIAM VAN HOOK, Esq., 39 Wall-street.

AGENCIES established in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Alexandria, Richmond, and in several of the Principal Towns in New-England, New-York State, Pennsylvania and Virginia.

The rates of this Society are as low as those of the American Companies, and LOWER THAN THE SCALE ADOPTED BY MANY LONDON OFFICES. Loans granted to the extent of two-thirds the amount of premium paid—after the lapse of a year.

The admirable system of Life Insurance which this Institution has organized, and which has secured for it such marked distinction in Europe, has obtained for it the highest favor in America. During the short period of its establishment in the United States, its principles have now the unqualified approval of many eminent men; and the patronage has received fully the public confidence in its favor. A pamphlet has been published by the General Agent, and can be obtained at his office, explanatory of Life Insurance in general, and of the N. L. F. Society's system in particular.

Persons insured in the United States on the scale of "participation," enjoy the important advantage of sharing in the whole business of the Society, which in Great Britain is very extensive.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

The General Agent is authorized to accept risks in sums not exceeding \$15,000 each on a single life, and to bind the Society from the date on which the premiums are actually paid to him. This authority is deposited for security with J. J. Palmer, Esq., the President of the Merchants' Bank in New York.

Pamphlets containing the last Annual Report, and much general information, together with the Society's rates—also, blank forms; and the fullest information may be obtained upon application to any Agent or Sub Agent.

A Medical Examiner in attendance at the office daily, at 3 o'clock, P.M. Free paid by the Society. The expense of stamp duty need not be incurred.

#### Example of Rates—for the Assurance of \$100 on a Single Life.

PREMIUMS PAYABLE ANNUALLY.

Age next Birth Day.	For one year only.	For Five Years.	FOR LIFE.	
			Without profits	With profits.
15	\$0 77	\$0 81	\$1 47	\$1 64
20	0 86	0 90	1 68	1 87
25	0 98	1 05	1 93	2 14
30	1 21	1 30	2 22	2 46
35	1 46	1 54	2 54	2 88
40	1 61	1 64	2 93	3 26
45	1 72	1 78	3 47	3 85
50	1 94	2 06	4 21	4 68
55	2 54	2 96	5 28	5 86
60	3 43	4 25	6 68	7 42

**PROFITS.**—The following examples are given of the Profits distributed at the last Annual Meeting of the Society, which was held in London in May, 1844.

Age.	Sum Assured.	Annual Premium.	Policy taken out in	Bonus in addition to sum assured.	Bonus in cash.	Permaner reduction in annual premium.
60	\$5000	\$370 85	1837	\$832 32	\$386 26	\$60 93
			1838	720 52	421 38	49 08
			1839	584 00	256 48	37 98

There are tables for single lives, joint lives, survivorships of two or three lives, endowments for children, &c. &c. Tables also for ANNUITIES, both immediate and deferred.—All these tables have been calculated from sterling into dollars and cents.

References of the highest character in the United States given to applicants, if required, as to the standing, wealth, and security of the above Institution.

Travelling leave endorsed on the policy is extensive and liberal, and the extra premiums for sea risk and unfavorable climates as moderate as is consistent with prudence. My31-tf.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, Resident in N. York.







